★Nov. 15, 1941

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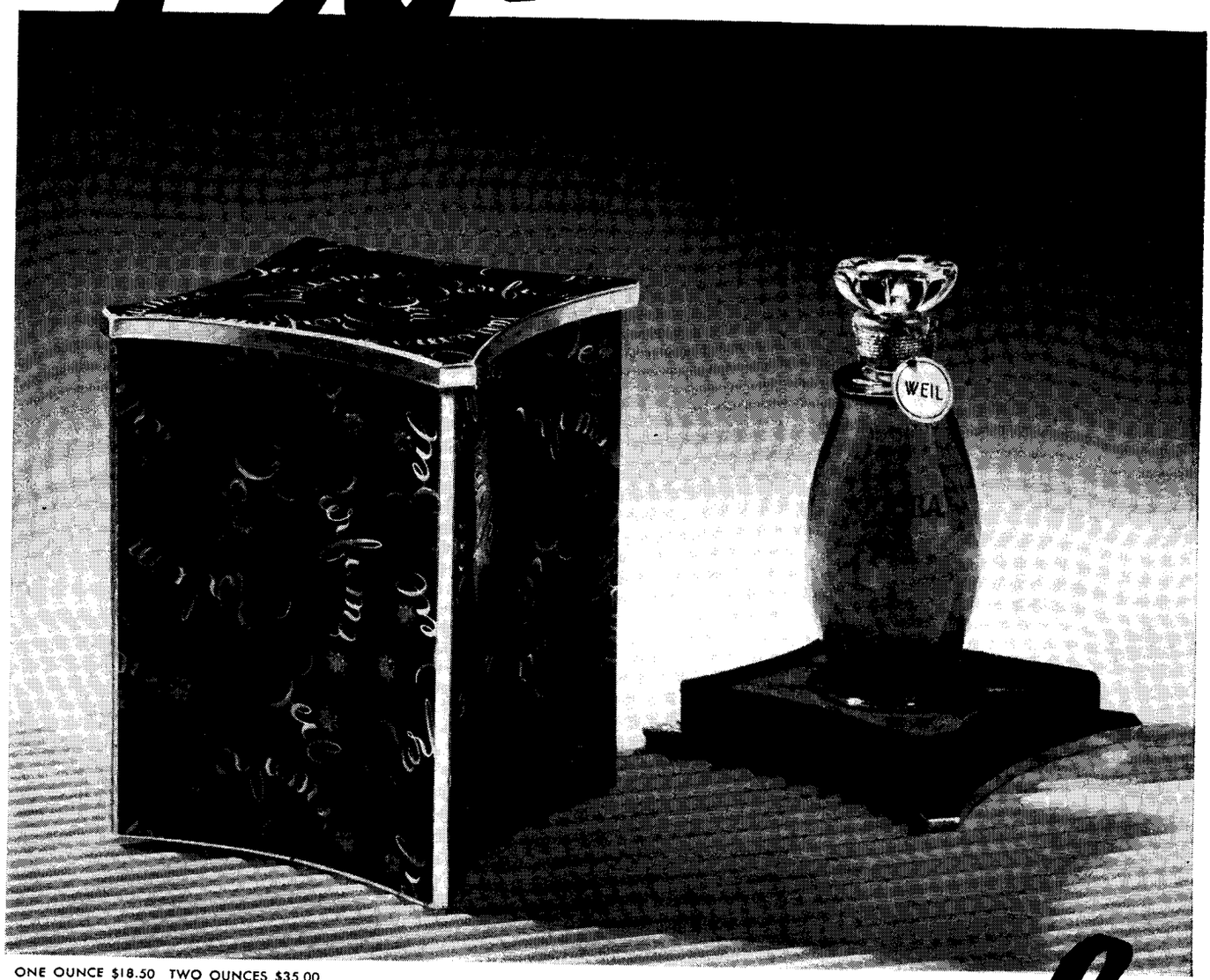

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of the regular midweek-matinée schedule to take advantage of expected Thanksgiving Day business. There may be last-minute changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Patricia Collinge, Minnie Dupree, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's fine, effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Candle in the Wind—Maxwell Anderson's play about an American actress who rescues her lover from a Nazi concentration camp is rather disappointing, but a splendid production by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company probably makes it worth your attention. Helen Hayes, Evelyn Varden, Tonio Selwart, and John Wengraf are in the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant as the teacher who discovers a genius. Among the others in the cast of Emlyn Williams' play are Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat ; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

The Land Is Bright—George Kaufman and Edna Ferber trace the history of a robber baron and his family from the nineties up to now. Interesting enough in spite of its broadly melodramatic treatment. Martha Sleeper, Phyllis Povah, Diana Barrymore, and Arnold Moss are among the players. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are excellent as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Morris Carnovsky, and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story about a family of refugees from Germany who bring the great problems of today into an American household is easily the best anti-Nazi play we've had so far. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

The Wookey—The bombing of London swings a hardheaded cockney tugboat captain around to approving of the war. Extraordinary scenery and sound effects and a splendid cast headed by Edmund Gwenn and Heather Angel make Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's play seem rather better than it is. (Plymouth, 45. W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in the Shakespeare tragedy. Staged by Margaret Webster and produced by Mr. Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30. Thurs. and Sat., Nov. 13 and 15, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Spring Again—A comedy by Isabel Leighton and Bertram Bloch, with Grace George and C. Aubrey Smith. Staged and produced by Guthrie McClintic. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Theatre—A comedy by Somerset Maugham and Guy Bolton, with Cornelia Otis Skinner heading the cast. Staged and produced by John Golden. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics; Jo Mielziner is responsible for the scenery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20, at 3. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton are now in charge of this Broadway madhouse, which has been carrying on for longer than anyone can remember. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 19, Sat., and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40; Thurs., except Nov. 13, and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Nov. 21, at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera, although most of the gentlemen surrounding her are different. The cast now includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is very handsome and satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

Pal Joey—George Tapps has supplanted Gene Kelly in this gutter idyll by O'Hara, Rodgers, and Hart, and Vivienne Allen has taken the place of June Havoc, but it is still fairly good fun. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.. except Nov. 22, and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A fine musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 19, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 20.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Little Dark Horse—An adaptation by Theresa Helburn of a play by André Birabeau, with Cecilia Loftus and Walter Slezak. Produced by Donald Blackwell and Raymond Curtis. Opens Thurs., Nov. 13. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Ring Around Elizabeth—Jane Cowl and McKay Morris in a comedy by Charl Armstrong. Produced by Allen Boretz, William Schorr, and Alfred Bloomingdale. Opens Mon., Nov. 17. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Junior Miss—A dramatization by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov of a series of Sally Benson stories, with Philip Ober, Alexander Kirkland, and Francesca Bruning. Staged by Moss Hart and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Tues., Nov. 18. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Walk Into My Parlor—A play by Alexander Greendale, with Rosina Galli and Hildegarde Halliday. Produced by Luther Greene. Opens Wed., Nov. 19. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

The Seventh Trumpet—A play written and staged by Charles Rann Kennedy, and sponsored by a number of churchmen. Opens Fri., Nov. 21. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 13-15; and "Iolanthe," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 20-22; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—This largely American group, under the sponsorship of the New Opera Company, will present "Swan Lake," "Beloved," and "Slavonika," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13; "Les Sylphides," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Bluebeard," Fri. and Mon. Eves., Nov. 14 and 17; "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Slavonika," Sat. Aft., Nov. 15; "Les Sylphides," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "The Wayward Daughter," Sat. Eve., Nov. 15; "Goyescas," "Lilac Garden," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., Nov. 16; "Swan Lake," "Beloved," and "Gala Performance," Tues. Eve., Nov. 18; "Swan Lake," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "The Wayward Daughter," Wed. Eve., Nov. 19; "Les Sylphides," "Lilac Garden," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 20; "Goyescas," "Beloved," and "Slavonika," Fri. Eve., Nov. 21; "Goyescas," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., Nov. 22; "Les Sylphides," "Beloved," and "Gala Performance," Sat. Eve., Nov. 22. (44th Street, 44. W. LA 4-4337. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:40.)

Jooss Ballet—This company will present "Ballade."

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	87
THE CURRENT CINEMA	85
FOOTBALL	48
MUSICAL EVENTS	78
POPULAR RECORDS	79
OF ALL THINGS	40
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	62
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	64
OUT OF TOWN	82
THE RACE TRACK	72
A REPORTER AT LARGE	50
RESTAURANTS	71
THE THEATRE	37

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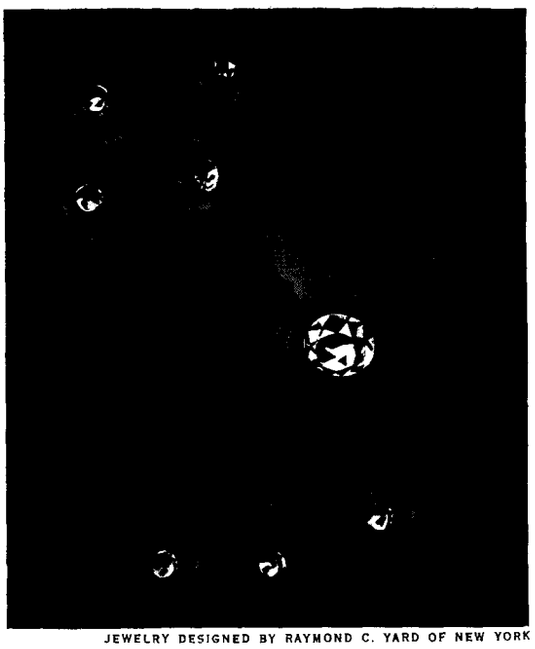

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BOURJOIS NEW YORK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Big City," "Drums Sound in Hackensack," and "The Green Table," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 13-14: "The Seven Heroes," "Pavane," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Sat. Aft., Nov. 15: "The Seven Heroes," "The Big City," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Sat. Eve., Nov. 15. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Eves. at 8:40; Mat. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Maggi McNellis is singing in the Trianon Room, where Emil Coleman's orchestra plays. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A show headed by Gertrude Niesen, and palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Charles Baum's orchestra and a samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—More tropical than ever, with coconuts now, but still no place to get a tan. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-0374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Renée De Marco dancing alone in a very special setting. Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras. . . . The Monte Carlo Beach, next door, has music by Phil D'Arcy's orchestra.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The new Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, has songs by Peggy Fears and music by William Scotty's orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jean Sablon, Gower and Jeanne, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra are in the perennial Persian Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Russell Swann and a new show will replace Miriam Winslow and Foster Fitz-Simons and Billy de Wolfe on Wed., Nov. 19. Matty Malneck's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band will stay on. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show, with Dorothy Lewis, in the Iridium Room, where Hal Saunders' orchestra sets the pace. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Nicholas Matthey's orchestra plays for dancing in La Maisonette, downstairs.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde still packs them into the Café Lounge with her singing, and Bob Grant's orchestra helps to see that they stay there.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Pat Barbara's orchestra.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. The show is headed by Mili Monti and Frances Mercer. Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Larry Adler and his harmonica and, at the supper hour, Paul Draper will be in the Wedgwood Room through Thurs., Nov. 13. On the following evening, Georges and Jalna will start dancing at both dinner and supper and Tito Guizar will come in at the supper hour. Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays on. . . . Evalyn Tyner's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant at the supper hour.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dark place, where Carrie Finnell demonstrates the muscle control she learned in burlesque. No dancing. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Imogene Coca and Eddie Oliver's orchestra. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Nick D'Amico's orchestra and a small show. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings and plays a lot of songs that nobody else knows. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): all-Negro entertainment, with music coming at you pretty fast from Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians strolling and stationary. No dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Nina Tarasova heads the Russian show, which includes folk songs and such. Chris Kay's orchestra. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Henry King's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): they have a new wooden Indian out front this year; inside, the same old songs. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for the Calypso singers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Georgie Price is in the show here, and Jack Harris's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly South American, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best colored musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village—Ammons and Johnson on a couple of pianos and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his quartet; on Mon., a juke box takes over. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Art Tatum just naturally plays a lot of piano, supported by Benny Carter's band.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

(In addition to their regular exhibits, many of the galleries listed below are participating in National Art Week, Nov. 17-23, with special showings of works by contemporary American artists. . . . Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

AMERICAN AND FRENCH—Marin leads a list that includes oils by Dove and O'Keeffe and three early Picassos. There's also a group of photographs by Stieglitz: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

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JOSEPH C. SMITH,

who might well be an F. Scott Fitzgerald character. He and his dance orchestra were playing "Smiles" in the Plaza Grill the night your father proposed to your mother, for all we know. Anyhow, he is now teeing off for his twenty-eighth season, at Larue. He remains a sentimentalist and refuses to cater to jitterbugs.

BOHROD—New paintings and gouaches by a wryly perceptive Chicago artist: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

BOUDIN—Seascapes and dockside scenes as only he could paint them: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

FAUVIST PAINTING—Works by Matisse, Braque, Derain, and other modern masters, all done in their early, hell-raising period. A thoroughly lively show: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

FRENCH—At the **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57: oils by contemporary artists, including Utrillo, Matisse, Soutine, and Van Dongen. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 29. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: oils by twentieth-century Paris painters, from Bonnard and Bérard to Lurçat and Dali. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 22. . . . **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Chagall, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 22. . . . **MAYER**, 41 E. 57: etchings and lithographs, some of them in rare pre-finished stages, by Rouault. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 29. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: oils and gouaches by Rouault, Picasso, Utrillo, and Dufy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 29. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: a famous Paris dealer opens his New York gallery with a show of paintings by Picasso, Braque, Léger, and Laurencin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 29. . . . **4 WEST 58**: paintings by Cocteau, Léger, Tchelitchew, and others, photographs by Atgét, and water colors painted in recent months by boys and girls in France—all a benefit to help French children. Mon., 2 to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., 11:30 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 16.

GANSO—Two memorial exhibitions of works by this soundly perceptive painter, who died last spring. Paintings at the Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8; Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30. Prints at the Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61; weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 1.

JONGKIND—A set of his little-known etchings and drawings, mainly of seaside scenes and unbelievably swift and sunny: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

KLEE—Selections from his paintings and water colors of all periods. Some fine pieces: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

KOKOSCHKA—Minor retrospective of oils and other works by an Austrian painter who succeeds perhaps better than most in taming the Expressionist idiom: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

MATTSON—Recent paintings, mostly landscapes and seascapes: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Comprehensive showing of etchings by Piranesi, in which there are many of his great architectural ones. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—The fire blitz of London, in paintings and drawings done by members of the London Auxiliary Fire Service. Tues. through Sat., including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Memorabilia of Isadora Duncan, including photographs and drawings by various artists, letters, and so on. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

PLEISSNER AND BAILEY—Smooth, decorative landscapes by the first; the second shows pleasantly peaceful upstate scenes: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Nov. 17.

PORTRAITS OF WOMEN—Loan show of twelve portraits by such masters as Rembrandt, Renoir, Rubens, Reynolds, and Romney: 460 Park Avenue, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 22.

RENOIR—About eighty-five paintings, some never exhibited here before, in a big, authoritative loan show, for the benefit of the Free French Relief Committee: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 6.

VLAMINCK AND PEIRCE—An odd combination, but since both men combine a slapdash style with general honesty, it goes very well: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 14.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The annual exhibition of contemporary American painting, this year, for variety's sake, restricted to artists under forty. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

HERE AND THERE—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: recent paintings by British artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: pastels by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gladys Rockmore Davis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 22. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: sculptures by José de Creeft. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 22. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Russell Cowles. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and drawings by George Grosz. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15. . . . FINE ARTS, 215 W. 57: annual exhibition sponsored by the Allied Artists of America. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils, water colors, and frescoes by Aline Rhonie. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15. . . . PINACOTHECA, 20 W. 58: paintings by Morris Davidson. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 29. . . . DOWNTOWN, 43 E. 51: recent paintings by Bernard Karfiol. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 6. . . . GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57: oils and water colors by Egon Schiele. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall: Walter conducting, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Nov. 16, at 3. (Soloist: Schnabel, Nov. 13, 14, and 16.) Rodzinski conducting, Wed. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 21, at 2:30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 20, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Fri. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Stokowski conducting: Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55, Tues. Eve., Nov. 18, at 9:20. (CO 5-9089.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Morel conducting; soloist, Rabinof: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:45.

ORCHESTRETTE CLASSIQUE—Frederique Petrides conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:30.

COFFEE CONCERT—West Indian music and dancing, with Belle Rosette, a Calypso orchestra, and others: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, Wed. Eve., Nov. 19, at 9. (CI 5-8900.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Claudio Arrau, Fri. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8:30; Josef Lhevinne, Sat. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2:30; Albert Spalding, Mon. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:30; Josef Honti, Tues. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Paulina Ruvinska, Fri. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8:45; Moriz Rosenthal, Sun. Aft., Nov. 16, at 3; New Friends of Music (Trio Pro Musica and William Horne), Sun. Aft., Nov. 16, at 5:30; Max Pollikoff, Fri. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:30.

JUNIOR LEAGUE CLUBHOUSE—Second concert in a lecture-recital series, with Olin Downes and Joseph Szigeti: 221 E. 71, Wed. Morn., Nov. 19, at 11. (BU 8-6220.)

OPERA

DON PASQUALE—Presented as the second offering of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Major Concert Series: 30 Lafayette Ave., Wed. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—On SAT. AFT., NOV. 15: Columbia vs. Michigan, Baker Field, at 2; Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Tulane, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia, at 2; Williams vs. Amherst, Williamstown, at 2; Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven, at 2.

SAT. AFT., NOV. 22: Army vs. West Virginia, West Point, at 2; Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds, at 2; Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge, at 1:45; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia, at 1:30; Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton, at 2.

A special train will leave Grand Central for New Haven on Sat., Nov. 15, at 11:15 A.M., and one will leave Penn Station for Princeton on Sat., Nov. 22, at 11:50 A.M.

PROFESSIONAL GAME: Giants vs. Cleveland, Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Nov. 16, at 2:05.

HUNT RACES—Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Sat., Nov. 15, at 1:30 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Nov. 13; Rangers vs. Boston, Sat., Nov. 15; Americans vs. Canadiens, Sun., Nov. 16; Rangers vs. Toronto, Tues., Nov. 18; Rangers vs. Americans, Thurs., Nov. 20; Americans vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 22. . . . Amateur series games, Sun., Nov. 16, and Sat., Nov. 22, at 1:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Gus Lesnevich vs. Tami Mauriello, light-heavyweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., Nov. 14; Ken Overlin vs. Al Hostak, light-heavyweights, 10 rounds, and Kid McCoy vs. Mike Kaplan, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main matches start at about 10 P.M.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

OTHER EVENTS

MACY PARADE—Starting from Central Pk. W. and 106th St. at 11:45 A.M., Thurs., Nov. 20, this annual Thanksgiving Day spectacle—Tony Sarg balloons and all—will head south along the Park to Columbus Circle and then move on down B'way to Macy's, arriving at about 1:30 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOWS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: approximately a hundred prints by amateur and professional photographers throughout the country. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: fifty portraits by Arnold Genthe of people in the theatre. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 25. . . . CAMERA CLUB, 121 W. 68: the annual exhibition of the New York Salon of Photography, with entries from all over the world. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: about two hundred portraits by George Platt Lynes. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Sun. Aft., Nov. 16, at 3, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Tues. Eve., Nov. 18, at 9:30, WJZ.

COSTUME EXHIBITION—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women wore between 1675 and 1900, and a small collection of fashions during the last war: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Ornithological texts, books by the Ashendene, Kelmscott, and other presses, and first editions, from the estate of the late Albert May Todd: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Nov. 13-14, at 2. . . . The late Arthur Curtiss James' collection of British and Barbizon paintings, English and European furniture, and Gothic sculptures and tapestries: Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8, and Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 14-15, at 2. . . . Books from the library of the James estate, augmented by first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts from the collections of the late Katherine Sanford Nielson, Howard Murray, the late Henry J. Willing, and others: Tues. and Wed. Afts., Nov. 18-19, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—Spencer Tracy in a lavish, curiously enervated revival of the old story. With Ingrid Bergman. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Nov. 17. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Nov. 19.)

DUMBO—All about the baby elephant and his amazing career. Disney's latest feature-length production, and one that should delight not only elderly types but the discriminating nursery set as well. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN—Claude Rains and Robert Montgomery in a novel and diverting fantasy about a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Nov. 13. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 15-17.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—Life among the Welsh miners, with a persuasive quality of authenticity. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon are the most concerned. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

IT STARTED WITH EVE—Deanna Durbin, with Charles Laughton, in a negative comedy that has its beguiling touches of humor and sentiment. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Nov. 17. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 14-16.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT—Of murder in a lonely cottage, and of three weird sisters, and all very intense and enthralling. With Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Nov. 19.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—Bette Davis, with Patricia Collinge and Herbert Marshall, in a magnificent, superbly managed screen version of Lillian Hellman's play. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., Nov. 18.)

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON—Another full-length Disney film, which has its high moments of delightful fantasy and some quite long stretches of studio life, which are not so fanciful, perhaps. Robert Benchley is among those in the cast. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 19-20.)

SERGEANT YORK—A superbly managed picture of the last war, based on the diary of one of the great figures of that day. With Gary Cooper. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Thurs., Nov. 20.)

UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Some cheerful fiddledeedee, involving Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery, which will help you over a dull lapse. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Nov. 13. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Nov. 14. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Nov. 15. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 14-17. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Tues., Nov. 14-18.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1939)—Eisenstein's picture of medieval warfare in Russia. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 16.)

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY (1940)—Ben Hecht's film of low-life high jinks. Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 17-19.)

THE BEACHCOMBER (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of South Sea doings. Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 16-19.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 17-19.)

IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Nov. 15.)

LOVE ME FOREVER (1935)—Grace Moore singing and Leo Carillo gambling. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Nov. 13.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 18-19.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 19-21.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., are the Steinbeck ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 17-18.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. Jean Gabin. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 14-16.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS (1938)—Cinderella stuff. Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 19-21.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 18-19.)

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 15-17. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 19-21.)

A STAR IS BORN (1937)—Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Hollywood life. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 16-19.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Nov. 14.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., NOV. 13-14: "Morocco" (1930), Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper. SAT. AND SUN., NOV. 15-16: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim. MON. AND TUES., NOV. 17-18: "Public Enemy" (1931), James Cagney. WED. AND THURS., NOV. 19-20: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), Dorothea Wieck. FRI. AND SAT., NOV. 21-22: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), Joan Blondell, James Cagney; and "The Sex Life of a Polyp" (1928), Robert Benchley.

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Mr. Steig's beady-eyed young fry is about to demonstrate one of the great truths of advertising: that people pay extra-close attention *to ads in The Saturday Evening Post. All kinds of surveys prove it. Whomever you ask, whatever the method, whoever makes the survey, that one fact pops up. The moral* is clear, and well worth remembering—if you're an advertiser.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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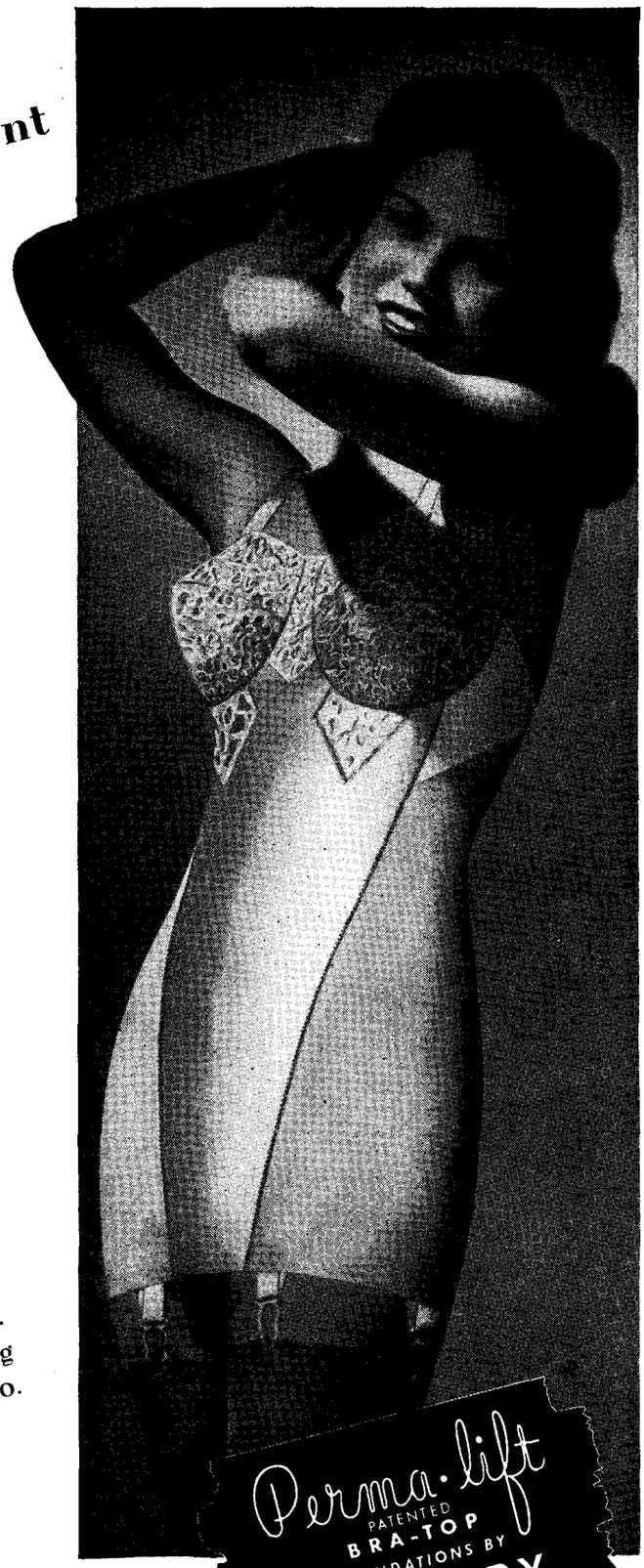

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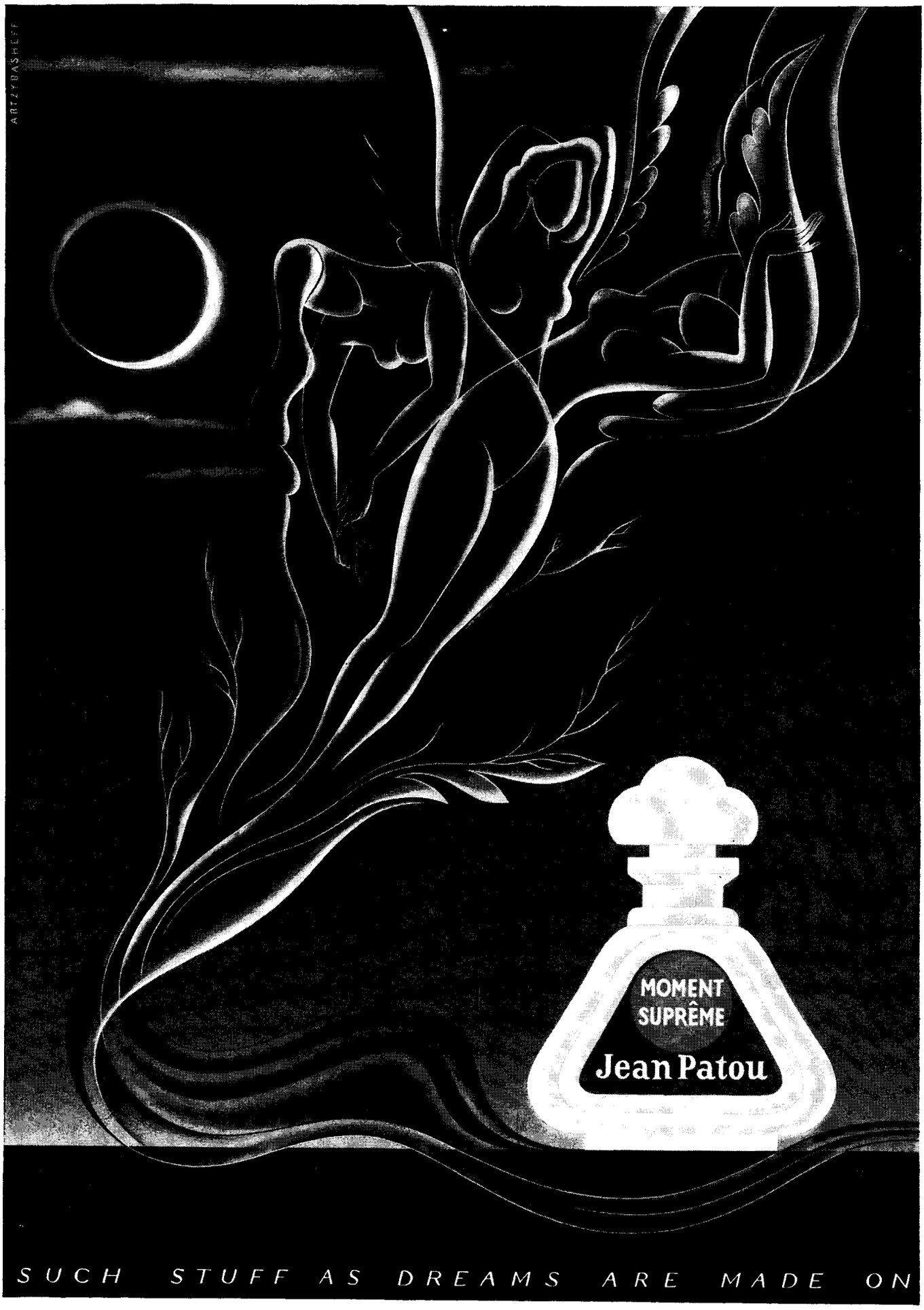

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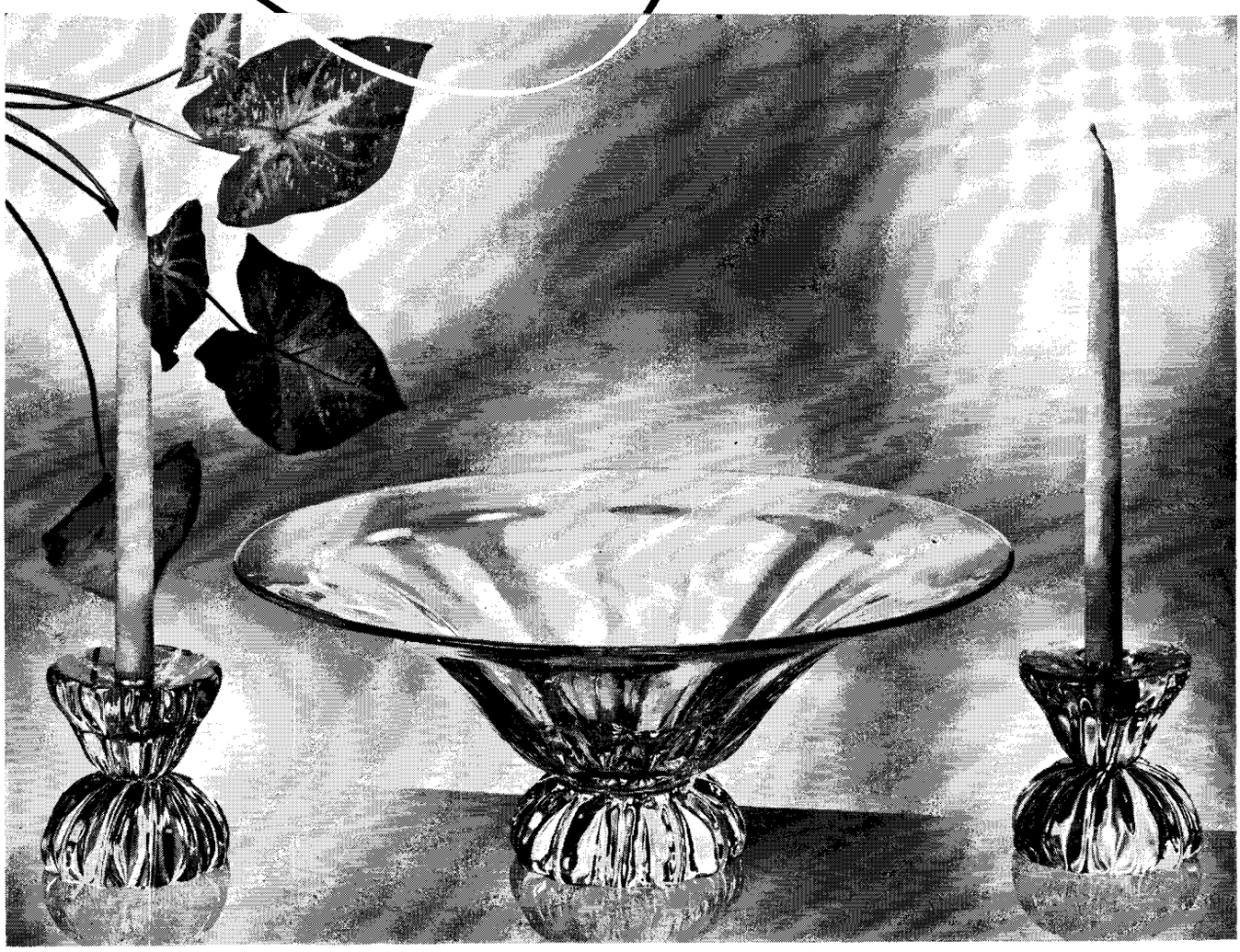

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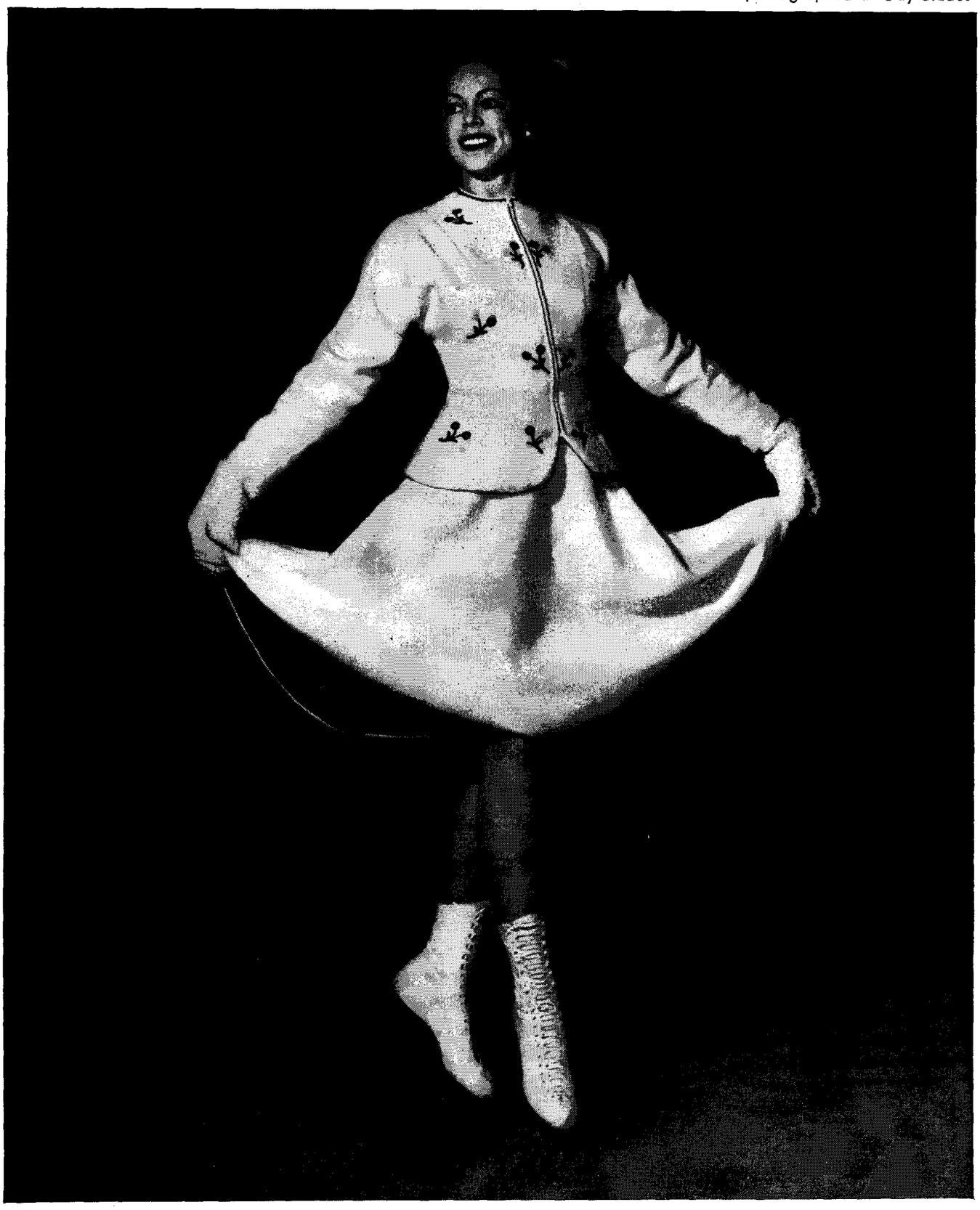

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE war, which migrates seasonally like a bird, is moving south again, and, as a consequence of its approach, the President of Turkey recently made an address to his Parliament. All the brave clichés were in it, the tired words that statesmen utter whenever the Nazis are bringing up their tanks and Stukas just beyond the border. National integrity was there, and the determination not to submit to force. So were the firm and friendly relations, guaranteed by treaty, with both Britain and Germany. There was even a wistful offer, such as Wilhelmina and Leopold made some time ago, to mediate between them. The whole speech was ominously familiar, and on the same day, at a reception in Ankara, a painfully apt little episode took place. The wives of the British naval attaché and the German Ambassador got their dresses accidentally hooked together and had to stand back to back until a Turkish pro-

tocol official undid them. It was a minor and ludicrous charade, but it included most of the elements of a derisive symbolism—the icy belligerents, implacably facing in opposite directions and enmeshed in a situation far beyond their control; the nervous functionaries of the warring embassies keeping a safe, diplomatic distance away; and the anonymous expert in protocol performing his good offices, at last, in a spirit of absolute neutrality. Reading that the ladies, once disengaged, stalked off without so much as a backward glance for each other, we half expected to see in the next line that they had turned at twenty paces and started shooting. The protocol official, we are certain, would still have been standing firm, right in the line of fire.

WE never saw such a week for intemperate abuse, what with a good old-fashioned mayoralty campaign and the Axis reaction to President Roosevelt's Navy Day speech. By way of contrast, we thought the testimony of a stool-pigeon killer named Sholom Bernstein at the Brooklyn murder trials furnished a nice exhibition of decorum. For example, O'Dwyer called La-

Guardia "a paymaster of gangsters," LaGuardia called Governor Lehman "a fixer," and the Italian press called Roosevelt "a criminal grafter," but Sholom Bernstein had no stronger term for Abe Reles, confessed murderer of eleven men, than "that mouse." A political campaign conducted on the level of "dictator," "clown," "cad," "dope," "cabbage head," "bum," "goniff," "flop," "loony," "faker," and "charlatan" shocks us a bit, and we were relieved when Bernstein carefully addressed all lawyers as "sir" or "Counsellor" and always referred to the police as "those gentlemen." And who, would you say offhand, was accused of being "a welsher," "a criminal lunatic," "a congenital liar," "a hypocrite," and "a cowardly jackal"? Pittsburgh Phil Strauss, Dirty Face Ferraco, Little Farvel Cohen, or the President of the United States? Class dismissed.

UNTIL last week it was considered fashionable in certain circles to speak slightingly of café society, to compare this native aristocracy unfavorably with older aristocracies born across the sea. We are glad to say all that is over now, killed by a neat and deadly parallel. On Monday, November 3rd, the newspapers brought word from London that the Princess Marie Obolensky, a proud daughter of Czarist Russia, had broken off her engagement to a Canadian sapper on the ground that princesses and privates don't mix. On November 4th, the same papers were able to announce that Cobina Wright, Jr., an American princess of at least equivalent rank as well as a motion-picture actress, had thrown caste to the winds and married a simple corporal from Pontiac, Michigan, the rugged scion of an auto-body works. In the contrasting behavior of these two ladies the true story of nobility is written plain. The *Café Society Register* has put the *Almanach de Gotha* to shame. Lucius Beebe is vindicated forever.

WIVES, of course, have a great many crosses to bear, but the heaviest, as any of them will tell you, is planning meals. Daily these tormented women are faced with an infinity of possible menus; faced not only with the

choice of bird or beast or fish but also with the problem of how, of a thousand ways, this miserable flesh shall be prepared; faced finally with the necessity for endless variation, since today can never resemble yesterday or tomorrow recapitulate today. It is a process that goes on relentlessly from the end of the honeymoon to the threshold of the grave, unless interrupted by madness or divorce. We have realized all this for years, but it was only on Tuesday of last week that we understood at last the full and terrible intricacy of the housewife's dilemma, the extra, apparently irrelevant factors that enter her ordeal and make it insupportable. We were lying on the sofa after breakfast, reading the paper, when the usual murmuring

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in the kitchen rose to a note of anguish and despair.

"But we *can't* have lamb stew!" cried the lady of the house wildly. "We can't have lamb *stew* and then go right out to a Noel Coward opening!"

$250,000

ON the theory that the *World-Telegram* gives light to the people, we telephoned that newspaper last week to inquire why the voters of the State of New York, to their general astonishment, had been called upon to decide whether or not there should be a ski slide on Whiteface Mountain. The *World-Telegram* referred us to the *Daily News*. "The Whiteface Mountain ski-slide amendment is the *Daily News's* baby," we were told. "Guy over there named Burton thought up the whole thing." We went to see Burton —Mr. Hal Burton—and found him in the *News* city room holding in his hand the conclusive, although not quite final, returns on the ski-slide question up to that moment. The count was 716,174 for to 683,230 against. "It just scraped through," he said. "The city vote did the trick. The farmers were against it. Look here at Steuben County, for instance: 6,874 against and only 3,403 for. Westchester, thank God, was overwhelmingly—" We spoke to him firmly, asking him please to tell us the whole story from the beginning.

Well, people, it turns out that Mr. Burton's hobby is skiing. He is a middle-sized, quiet-spoken journalist in his early thirties who writes a column called "Outdoors." He got to skiing about five years ago, having gone to Lake Placid for a winter vacation, and now has a teacher's license issued by the Eastern Amateur Ski Association, a hard thing to get. "I don't intend to teach," he said, opening his billfold and showing us his license, "but I'd rather have this than the Croix de Guerre." Like all New York State skiers, he resented the fact that Article 14, Section 1, of the State Constitution provides that state-owned land in the Adirondacks must remain forever as wild-forest land and that this has meant that no ski trails could be cut on Whiteface Mountain, or on any other state-owned mountain up there. "I began looking at Whiteface Mountain about three years ago," he told us. "As a member of various skiing organizations, I had got acquainted with William G. Howard, director of the Lands and Forests Division of the Conservation Department, who is a skier. I first put up to him the idea of an amendment to take care of Whiteface and he put it up to Commissioner Osborne. We had a lot on our side. Whiteface had already been scarred up by a road, so nobody could say we would be ruining its looks. Also, a ski slide doesn't actually scar a mountain anyway. It's not a *jump*; it's a *slide*, or *trail*.

"Osborne was for it. Then I got the Governor to approve and I got State Senator Feinberg of Plattsburg to introduce a resolution providing for the amendment. That was in 1940. Such a resolution has to be passed by the legislature twice, you know. It was passed in 1940 and again in 1941 with practically no opposition, and we all just lay back and did nothing, thinking it would go through easily enough when it was put up to the voters. But some strong opposition developed. Rockwell Kent began writing letters to the *Herald Tribune*, denouncing it. The Adirondacks Wilderness Society, a bunch of hikers, put thumbs down on it. We finally woke up just a couple of months ago. Osborne himself wrote about a thousand letters, mostly to politicians, endorsing the amendment. We lined up as many papers as we could."

Mr. Burton concluded on a note which we took to be wistful, for a journalist. He told us that the legislature still has to appropriate $250,000 for the ski slide and that with the war going on this may be kicked in the teeth if brought up soon.

Explanation

THERE was a to-do in Macy's last Saturday afternoon, when a pretty little thing who had been hanging around the information desk near the Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street entrance for half an hour suddenly burst into tears and announced to the distressed staff that she just knew her fiancé was dead, or at least severely injured; he was to have met her at three o'clock, to look at furniture, and here it was three-thirty. Couriers were sent to all the other information desks, and to the furniture department, on the chance that the fellow had made a mistake about the rendezvous, but without success. In the midst of this hubbub a large, calm cop happened to stroll in. When he had digested the situation, he patted the weeping young lady on the shoulder. "What I think, lady," he said, "this guy just ain't punctual." Turned out he was right, too.

Low-Income Bracket

IF you'd care for a mild surprise, there's the fact that the dollar-a-year man is an institution dating back many years before the first World War. Paying a man a dollar a year when he may be worth two or three times that is a dodge to circumvent a federal statute that went on the books in 1870, forbidding the government to accept anybody's services gratis except in a national emergency. The Department of Agriculture and the Public Health Service have employed dollar-a-year men fairly regularly for decades. Presumably, now that we are officially beating our way through an unlimited national emergency, the OPM, which is the biggest employer of dollar talent, could whittle its payroll down to zero; however, most of the fellows were taken on before the emergency was declared, so the old arrangement continues. At this writing, the dollar-a-year men in Washington number two hundred and sixty-two. Two hundred and sixteen of these are with the OPM, the others with affiliated defense projects. Knudsen and Hillman, as members of the National Defense Advisory Commission, work for nothing.

To date, the dollar-a-year payroll has set the government back $141.14. The defense program officially got under way in May, 1940. The fiscal year ends, of course, on June 30th, so there have been two paydays. Nobody got a dollar on his first payday, some zealot in the Treasury having figured out that dollar-a-year work figures out to eight and one-third cents a month, or two and one-eenth cents a week. For example, Randolph Paul, who started to work for Leon Henderson on May 25, 1940, got a check for two cents, for services rendered in that fiscal year, and a dollar, even, for 1941. Low man for 1941 was James O'Neill, a vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company now working in the OPM priorities division; he got ten cents. The bookkeeping was terribly complicated by a kindly action of Mr. Knudsen; last June, just before the end of the fiscal year, he gave a dinner for some of his dollar-a-year men and presented them with their pay checks. It

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had been his idea to give them their full year's pay, but the bureau boys said this was impossible; he could pay them only for work already done. Checks for work done after the banquet and before the close of the fiscal year were solemnly handed out on July 16th. There will always be a United States of America, too.

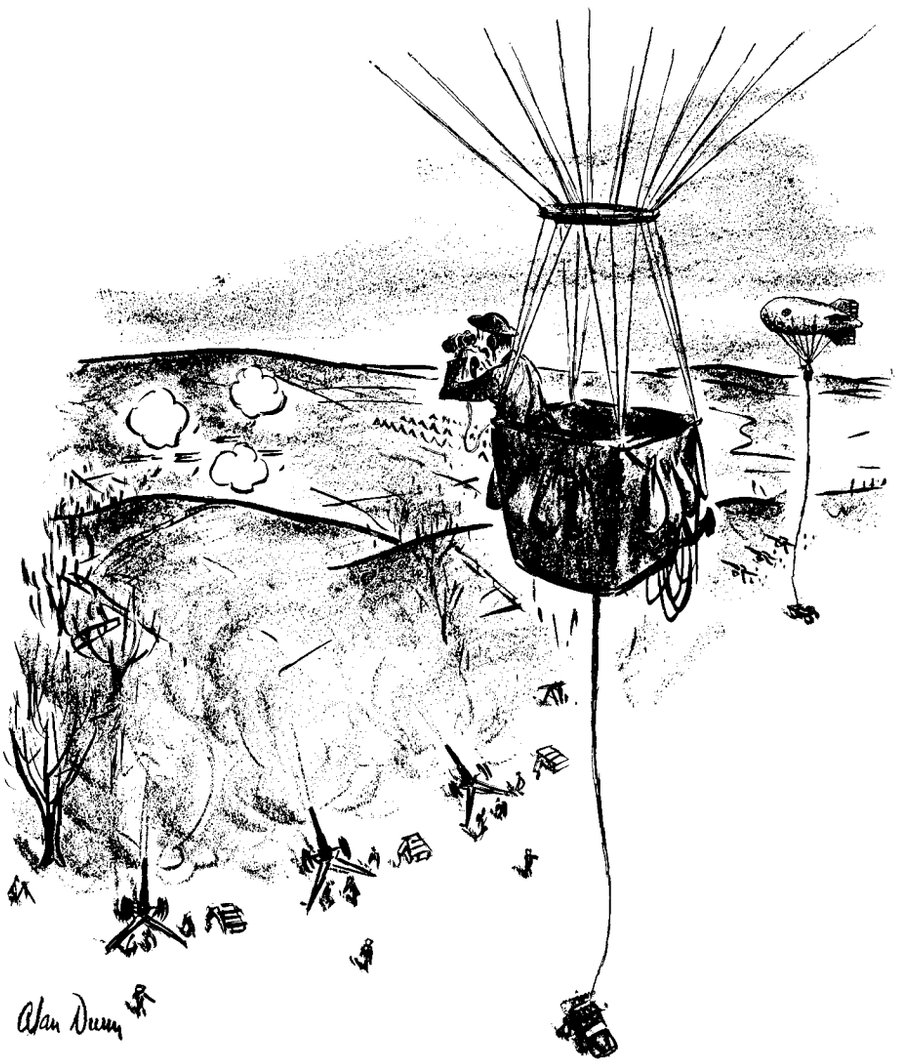
Most of the OPM executives consider their checks interesting and valuable mementos and plan to have them framed. The Treasury has made adequate provision for the bookkeeping complications involved by this, having profited by the lesson of the last war, when hoarding of checks by dollar-a-year men threw its books out of balance. Now there's an "outstanding liabilities fund" containing enough cash to cover outstanding checks for two years back. Payment after two years is provided for by a permanent surplus fund. The men can get their money, should they find difficulty scraping up their 1950 income tax, without throwing the budget out of balance.

Signs

TWO of our diligent readers have sent in transcriptions of signs that seem worth recording. One outside the Second Precinct police station, on Greenwich Street, advises passers-by that within they may obtain "Pistol, Tear Gas, and Religious Meeting Permits." And this blunt one hangs over a counter of the Public Flower Market, on West Twenty-seventh Street: "Kindly desist from telling us to make up your order 'Nice, nice, nice.' You have been dealing with us for years and know the quality of our work. You worry yourselves and the sales help needlessly. You must realize it is a great strain on the salesmen to be told to 'Make it nice' by one customer after another. Your order will be as carefully executed without your unnecessary reminders."

Last Fish

THOSE recent stories of housecleaning down at the Aquarium might make you think the place was empty of fish as well as people, but actually, at the moment, about three thousand fish are still there, leading quiet lives for science. All were chipper when we visited them the other day under the guidance of Dr. Charles M. Breder, Jr., Aquarium director, who is vitally interested in one of three important scientific projects the Aquarium people have under way. His is fifty Mexican freshwater characin about the size of sardines, which are afflicted with varying degrees of defective eyesight, including blindness. They were netted in subterranean caverns in the State of San Luis Potosí two years ago and now occupy glass jars in a locked room on the second floor. Ordinary characin swim into the caves, get lost, and eventually, after generations, become blind, according to general evolutionary processes, about which Dr. Breder hopes to get some clues from their behavior. The blind fish bumped into each other a lot while we watched them, but Dr. Breder told us they have no trouble with life's tenderer moments.



"Lukewarm! . . . Warm! . . . Getting warmer! . . . Wow!"

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After we'd seen the blind fish, Dr. Breder led us across the great vacant rotunda, through a door in the wall of empty tanks, and into a large, sunlit enclosure on the south side of the building illuminated by an extensive system of skylights. Climbing a staircase to an iron balcony which is over the tanks, Dr. Breder introduced us to a Dr. Gordon, in charge of over twenty-nine hundred brilliantly colored Central American killifish, which were swimming in dozens of rows of small aquaria placed on shelves along the length of the balcony. The temperature of their water is maintained at seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and Dr. Gordon told us many of the varieties we saw are prized by home aquarists for their decorative quality. The killies are being implanted with tumor tissue, and as a result Dr. Gordon, whose work has been sponsored by the Guggenheim Foundation, was able to announce in a recent issue of *Cancer Research* that cells which make up tumors in killies are indistinguishable from those which make up tumors in humans, and that in the case of the fish the malady is inheritable. "However," said Dr. Gordon, "we don't imply that

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tumors in man are inheritable. In fact, we distinctly do not imply that this is the case." "Thank you," we said.

Leaving Dr. Gordon, we accompanied Dr. Breder back through the door and across the rotunda, on the other side of which we came upon a single water-filled tank containing a dozen electric eels—every one of them, if you'll take our word for it, with an ogre's eye. Each was at least five feet long and able—and willing, if given the chance—to electrocute a horse dropped into the water, by discharging at him a bolt of up to six hundred volts from a set of highly modified muscle tissue running along his sides. "These are the problem and pets of Christopher Coates, our aquarist," Dr. Breder said. "I'm sorry he isn't here today. He rigs circuits of neon tubing, which they light up for him." We said we were sorry, too. The eels are being studied to determine the involved course of specialization in animals. *They're* so specialized that shocks from other eels just make them laugh.

Within the next couple of weeks, all of the three thousand fish are to be removed to some unpublic section of the Bronx Zoological Park, there to continue their chaperoned lives, and then the Aquarium, for the first time in forty-five years, will be empty of fish.

Conservative

CAMBRIDGE (Mass.) stories are to Boston stories what black caviar is to red caviar; i.e., more delicately flavored. Would you like one, on a little cracker? In Cambridge, then, a man went to City Hall to secure from the oh, so proper authorities a license to alter the gas pipes in his cellar, so that his wife, who dabbles in metal-working, could use a blowtorch. On the application for this license was a blank asking for the reason, in which the man wrote, "Wife's hobby—metal work." The official who was handling him seemed obscurely bothered by this. "Funny thing for a woman to be doing," he mused. "Might hold up the license." He thought for a time, then brightened up. "Tell you what," he said. "We'll change that to 'Wife's hobby—soldering.' "

Defense Names

A RECENT item in this department about the butcher shop that now makes its customers ask for "defense steak" when they want hamburger set up a train of thought which resulted eventually in our sending out for a copy of "Merchant Vessels of the United States" to see if many names of vessels had been edited as the result of European hostilities. (We have, of course, already remarked on the Texas Company's S.S. Aryan, which has lately become the S.S. Arkansas.) Well, not very many ship owners or yachtsmen were caught with an apparently pro-Axis name, and all those who were caught have changed. There were, before Hitler marched into Poland, two American yachts named Swastika; one is now Charwill, the other Lauretta. Eastern Steamship Lines have changed the name of their steam towboat Germania to George E. Weed. The Benito Mussolini, a fishing boat registered in New Orleans, has become the Enterprise. Valkyrie, a motor yacht of Seattle, could probably have squeaked by, but her owner played safe and rechristened her Wandering Lassie. The yacht Gemütlichkeit has become Merral. Our favorite maritime switch is the case of a California fishing vessel formerly called Bremen; now she's the American Boy.

Fortune's Maggot

TWO great American institutions, Santa Claus and *Fortune*, have got pleasantly tangled up. The wife of a businessman we know gave him a subscription to *Fortune* last year, for a Christmas present. She had instructed the agent who took the order to make the gift card read simply, "From Mildred." This resulted, apparently, in *Fortune's* circulation office jotting down a reminder that this man's subscription came from Mildred. Lately, as the time drew near for reminding the donor that the gift was expiring, the businessman began getting letters, with return envelopes, asking the full name of the person who had given him his subscription. He ignored the first two, but when a

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third arrived he wrote "Santa Claus gave it to me," and mailed it back. The other day, to his street address, came a reminder from *Fortune* that it was time to send in another ten dollars. It was addressed to "Santa Claus (Mildred)."

Arrau

OUR good-neighbor editor has submitted a dossier on Claudio Arrau, who has been accepted by the critics of this city as South America's greatest pianist. He made his first North American appearance in fifteen years last January in a recital at Town Hall and got such good notices that he gave another concert in Carnegie Hall in February; now he's on this continent again for a tour of Canada and the United States, leading off with a Carnegie recital this week. Clearing up physical details first, we would report that he looks not unlike a young, Latin Adolphe Menjou, that he is thirty-eight years old, married, and the father of a son and daughter. The family has remained at home, in Santiago, Chile.

Having played with great success all over Europe, as well as in South America, Señor Arrau is able to remain well poised in the face of his North American triumph. The only thing he got excited about, when we chatted with him, was the dancing at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. "In tropical cities I have seen wild dancing, voodoo ceremonies, and primitive African rites, but none of it is as frightening as the dancing in Harlem," he told us solemnly. His personal life is mild and reasonable: he drinks little, smokes not at all, and exercises with a medicine ball. He is a devotee of the Hay diet, alternating all-protein meals with all-starch ones, and he does Yoga exercises every day. He's a lot more faithful with his Yoga than with his piano practice, as a matter of fact. He puts in only an hour or so a day at the piano and doesn't feel too bad if he misses a couple of days. "Once I memorize a composition, I do not forget it ever," he told us, in a matter-of-fact way.

Señor Arrau was a prodigy, having shown a talent for piano when he was three. At five he gave his first public concert, after which the Chilean government kicked in with a fifteen-year scholarship to enable him to study in Berlin under one Martin Krause, who had been a pupil of Liszt. He began giving recitals when he was a lad in knee pants and kept on without interruption until the current war started; he used to average a hundred and twenty-five recitals a year, in Europe and South America. He holds a world's record for cycle performances. Several times he has run completely through Bach in a series of twelve recitals. He has also, in eight recitals, done all the piano sonatas of Beethoven; in five recitals, all the piano works of Mozart; and in three, the Schubert sonatas. One taste he acquired as a child prodigy was for jewelry. His explanation of this, though quaint, seems perfectly logical. "Many of the queens and duchesses I performed for were very fat," he told us. "I was so small that I had difficulty seeing beyond their bosoms, which glittered with jewelry. This aroused my desire to own jewelry myself." Señor Arrau now owns about fifty rings, scarfpins, and whatnot, and with his adult stature can look a queen or a duchess right in the eye.

The Athletic Ideal

A FELLOW who ran sixty yards for a touchdown against Princeton back in 1926 was walking his dog last Saturday afternoon and stopped to watch some little boys trying to organize a football game in a vacant lot over near the East River. The usual vociferous argument was in progress, and our man smiled indulgently, remembering that when *he* was a little boy everyone had wanted to play quarterback. It gradually became apparent to him, however, that these little boys weren't particularly concerned about who played quarterback. They all wanted to be the radio announcer.

"It's only fair to tell you that I'm just a bundle of nerves."

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THE READING PUBLIC

"Another case finished, another poor, misguided devil who will pay for his crimes on the gallows." Inspector Trunnel leaned back comfortably, crossed his tweed-clad legs, and dipped his pipe into his tobacco pouch.

"I'm afraid I'm most awfully dense, but I still don't see how you worked it out," I said, pushing the decanter toward him. "Why, I thought Gruber had the best alibi of the whole lot."

"That's just it, my boy," said Trunnel. "He had too good an alibi. Mark you, Sheila Trent-Quayle said she saw him in the yew alley before ten forty-three, when she retired. Of course, we now know that she was covering up for young Lovering, who she feared was implicated. But if Gruber didn't go to the stables before eleven-three, and if the butler didn't set out the tray of sandwiches until eleven-fifteen, that scene in the billiard room between Gruber and Blaylock couldn't have taken place before midnight. Here, let me just draw up a timetable . . ."

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GONE ARE THE DAYS

DUFF was pleased when good old Fishburne stopped and asked him to come out to the house for dinner that night, out to the country. Good old Fishburne, he was just the same old bastard, he hadn't changed any. He was getting close to a vice-presidency, too, in the New York office of the cotton business where they both worked. Duff held the same job he had got when they all came up to New York together, back there in the twenties. Lived in the same men's hotel, too, same room, and went back to finals at the University each June and was still just an old Virginia boy. Fishburne was just an old Virginia boy, too, at heart.

There had been quite a crowd of them at first and they all had the same feeling Duff had about New York, and they used to get together in each other's rooms at night to drink, and after they had hit the right point they would sing "Sweet Sue," then, sometime afterward, the Tilka song, strongly contested by the Eli song, and later they would all put their heads together and sing the Good Old Song: "We come . . . from old Virgin-i-a, Where all is bright and gay. . . ." They all went to the Blue Ridge Balls together, and together they had seen each other through some of the most really large-scale hangovers that had ever hit New York.

Then the boys began to get married. A few went on down home and married girls there and stayed, but the ones in New York married Yankee girls. It made a difference. Duff hadn't got a thing against any of them; they were right nice girls and right pretty girls, but they kind of turned their husbands into Yankees too. Old Hammersmith . . . old Carter . . . old Massey—you couldn't get them together any more and when you went to their houses it was all fixed-up-looking and they put a coaster under your whiskey glass; and Duff didn't go to their houses any more anyway. He knew those Yankee girls didn't like him. Once, when he went home for a drink after work with old Carter, he had actually heard Mrs. Carter murmur—she didn't realize Duff was so near—"Darling, I wish you wouldn't bring your drunken Virginia friends home with you."

Duff held no grudge. When the babies began to be born he sent, to each one, a present of six dozen diapers that he got through the mill. He had patted a whole lot of little bald heads by now and made a joke about "sendin' him to his Uncle Duff to learn to carry his whiskey like a gentleman."

But he was lonely. There didn't seem to be hardly anybody to drink with in the evenings. He had tried drinking with Yankees, and you couldn't do it. Generally he drank by himself. He was so pleased to have Fishburne ask him out to the country for dinner. Fishburne had gotten married lately, too, to a Yankee girl named Alice, but maybe this would turn out differently. Maybe Fishburne could break her in proper. Maybe her grandmother came from Kentucky or somewhere.

THEY went out on the train to Stamford, near where Fishburne had a house. Alice met them at the station in a red convertible coupé with the top down. She was a pretty girl, thin, but sort of stiff. She looked rather surprised when she saw Duff coming along the station platform with Fishburne.

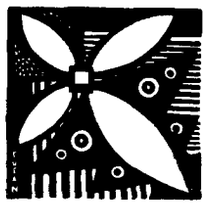
"I thought I'd bring Duff out to dinner," Fishburne explained. "You remember old Duff, dear?"

"Oh, absolutely," Alice said. She gave Duff a cool, direct, frank smile. "The only thing is I told the Bowens we'd stop by for a drink before dinner."

"Fine," Fishburne said. They all got into the car, Duff in the middle. The wind rushing by blew his thinning, curly hair.

"Mighty nice of you to have me, Miss Alice. Mighty hospitable," Duff said.

"Not at all. I'm glad to have Frank bring his old friends. . . . Here's the drive. I want you to see the two little girls, dear," she said across Duff to Fishburne. "The ones I've been telling you about."



Duff was looking at the house they had brought him to. It was a big, wide, spreading house with open porches all around. Of course there wasn't any architecture to it, but it looked friendly, he thought, more like a house where they don't lock the doors every night. As they were getting out, some people came out of the house: a man, a woman, and two little girls with long, dark pigtails, little girls of about ten and twelve, skinny and brown, with wide, alert, receptive eyes. "Certainly do appreciate your kindness and hospitality," he said as Mrs. Bowen turned to shake his hand.

She smiled at him. "I see you're from the South, like Frank."

"Yes, Ma'am. I come from Lynchburg, Virginia."

"My mother was a Virginian."

"That accounts for the charm her daughter inherited in such large measure," Duff said. How was that? That was doing pretty good. They all went slowly into the house, into a big, breezy, sprawling sort of a living room with deep chairs and small tables.

"Well, well, a granddaughter of the South, so to speak," Duff said, lowering himself down into a sofa and beaming at his hostess. "It rejoices my heart to hear it, Ma'am, I declare it does."

Mrs. Bowen smiled again.

"Go on, Ann, Ellen," she said to the little girls. "Five Old-Fashioneds."

The little girls disappeared through a swinging door. Duff stared. "Excuse me, please, but are those sweet little girls going to make our drinks for us? Because I'd be only too glad—"

"Don't worry, Mr. Duff," his hostess said, laughing. "I assure you they can make an excellent Old-Fashioned."

He hadn't meant that. He felt profoundly shocked. It was all wrong, it was simply all wrong, for those little, innocent girls to be out there mixing drinks out of whiskey for grownup people to drink. He felt so uneasy he kept shifting in the sofa.

"How many kinds of drinks do they make?" Alice was asking Mrs. Bowen.

"Tom Collinses, Martinis, and Old-Fashioneds so far."

"I'm afraid their Martinis would get sent back at a really first-class bar, though," the host said, laughing. He was a thin, sallow man, Yankee-looking. His wife looked like a full-blown rose beside him.

"Frank, I told you," Alice said. "Mrs. Bowen has brought these children up to cope with life perfectly naturally. They're all adapted. There aren't any things they shouldn't hear about because they're children. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen treat them like grownup people. They're part of the family. I do think it's so wonderful. Mrs. Bowen, do you suppose you could get the conversation on the war? I want Frank to hear some of the things the children have to say about it."

"I will if it comes along," said Mrs. Bowen. Duff turned his puzzled gaze on her. She had Southern blood. She looked like a nice woman and a lady. What was all this talk? The two little girls came in, Ann, the older, balancing five short glasses on a tray and walking

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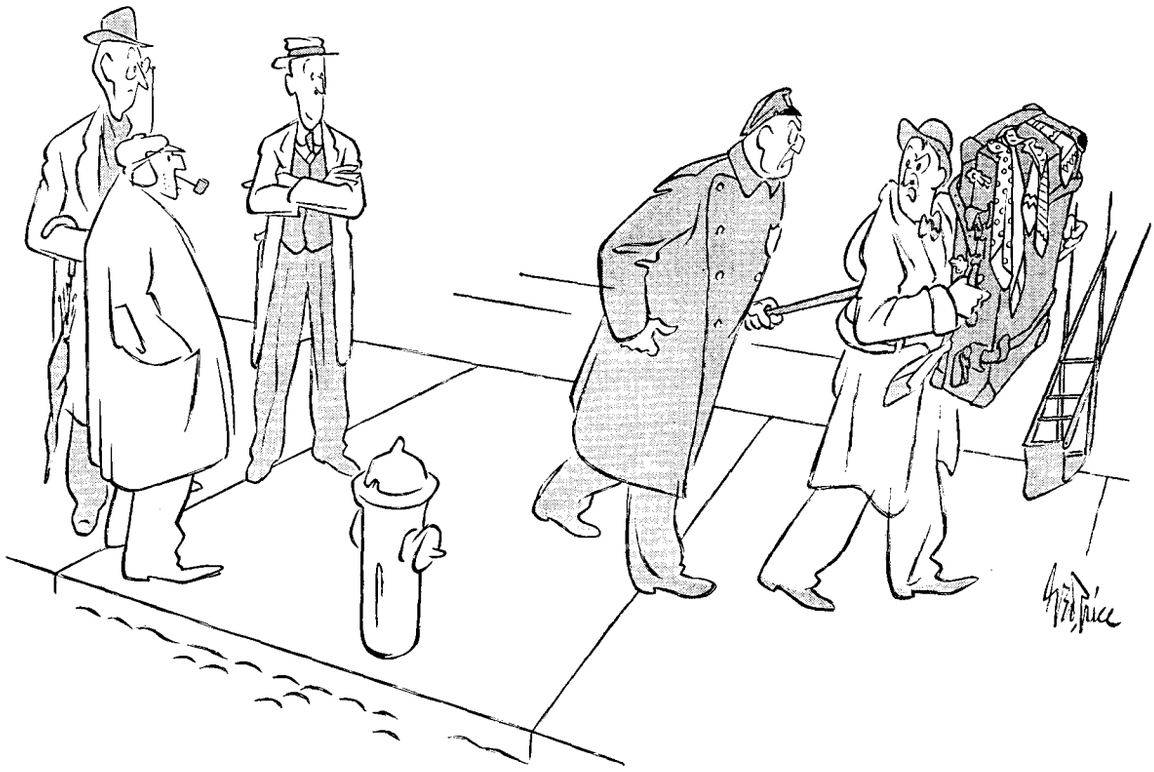

"Admit it, Officer. You've always resented me, haven't you?"

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very carefully across the floor. She sighed unconsciously when the people took their glasses off and the responsibility was over. Both the girls sat down on a big, black fur rug with their arms holding their knees together. The older girl had a square, brown little face with puppy's eyes, the younger a dreamy stare. Duff took a big, long swallow from his glass and felt the whiskey bite where it should. He needed that. There wasn't much left in the glass.

"Ann, get the makings, will you, darling?" Mrs. Bowen said. "We'll fix our own just sitting here. I think you need a little sweetening, Mr. Duff." The little girl ran out and returned with a tray with sugar, bitters, a lemon, a knife, and a bottle of bourbon. Then she dropped back on the fur rug again. Mrs. Bowen reached out with the whiskey bottle and refilled Duff's glass, smiling at him.

"Mighty fine drinkin' liquor," he said, bowing. He was beginning to feel the warmth, the sweet, trickling, consoling warmth, that was the best feeling in the world. It came quicker these days, too; he could count on its beginning after the first or, at the most, the second drink; showed you really got somewhere with your drinking if you stuck to it.

"Just help yourself, won't you, Mr. Duff?" Mrs. Bowen was saying. He bowed decorously and did. The attention of all the others was focussed on the children. Ann was talking in a high, sweet, serious voice. "Father says the main thing we can do is to learn to take orders and to obey. We do have those knitting and sewing clubs at school, of course. And Mom explained to us, so that now we don't use up paper towels the way we used to, and we don't just grab for a lump of sugar when we're hungry the way we used to. In case there should be a shortage. Or, anyway, to save money to spend on defense."

"It's exciting to have your father such an important man in defense, isn't it?" Alice asked, smiling hard and blinking her eyelids.

"Oh yes," they both said in chorus, and were still.

"You must be very proud of him."

"Well," Ann said, "we did decide that that was the most thing we could do about defense. I mean Daddy does get home so terribly tired and nervous, and the thing we can do is to just stick around him and not fight or anything. He has to think about fighting all day, and all over the world Hitler and everybody is fighting, and the least we can do is not fight around him, too, I think."

Something was absolutely unbearable to Duff, no matter how often he filled his glass from the whiskey bottle. Those sweet, pretty little girls. It was horrible and gruesome to him that they should be talking this way, knowing about these things. He tried to think what he meant, and took another little sweetening of whiskey to help. Well, something like . . . Old faiths stirred vaguely in him, old sweet scents, old eternal beauties long ago. Something about the smell of the honeysuckle over the fence by Dawson's Row, and old forgotten sunshine.

"You're spoiling the beautiful years of their life," he said in a loud voice, and then shut his mouth. He was not prepared to go on.

"Really, Mr. Duff!" Alice said, and Fishburne looked at him. But Mrs. Bowen smiled.

"Ann, Ellen, take Bingo for a run," she said. "Tell me what you mean, Mr. Duff. I'm sure you have some idea about bringing up children. If it is different from ours, we can discuss it."

Discuss ideas. That gave him a handle. A Virginia gentleman could and did discuss ideas. When the children had gone he leaned forward, squinting at Mrs. Bowen and ignoring the others.

"Spoiling the beautiful years," he said. "God-damn Yankee ideas."

He had not meant it to come out sounding exactly like that, but Mrs. Bowen nodded.

"You mean you don't think we should let them live in our world, the grownup world," she said. "You mean they ought to live in a child's world."

"Yes," he said.

But there was so much more to it than that. Suddenly he found his mind, all warmed with the whiskey, surging and rushing with the ideas, the feelings, the memories from his long-forgotten childhood.

Nobody ever had a better childhood. It was all gold color, the color of sunshine and autumn leaves and the sun shining on the brown waters of the river. It was not knowing anything about anything. That was the thing. It was not knowing anything. Know things, and you got deeper and deeper

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in the bad part that came later, the bad years, and nothing ever being as good as it was the year before. But his childhood had been a wonderland. Long, interminable, hot summer days and the river running soft and muddy and the jarflies singing in the fields all day long and the lizards and the scorpions darting quick in the hot sun across the porch. And the long, sweet evenings, hot and gentle, and Negroes' voices calling down the road, "You Melba . . ." And in the morning, waking early to the heat, and outside in the crape myrtles already the doves were moaning, moaning. Great day . . . great day in the morning . . .

It was all secret and private and a child's world. Father wore a white linen suit and you called him sir. "Yes, sir!" and you jumped. And Mother was sweet and lovely and smelled of violet perfume, and she was out in the kitchen all day supervising what those no-account niggras were doing with their time. She wore a white shirtwaist thing with a neck that came up to her ears, and little bones in it. They were your parents and they had their world. But you didn't want their world. You lived in your own world, and they didn't come into it and you didn't go into theirs. That was childhood. So sweet, so far . . . gathering chinquapins under the trees so very long ago . . .

But of all this Duff could say nothing.

"Mistake," he said. "A great mistake, Ma'am."

"I know you and I weren't brought up this way, Mr. Duff," she said. "But don't you see, it will be easier for them when they do grow up? They'll understand so much more, because it has been explained to them and isn't just mysterious. I want my little girls to grow up fitting into the world, if that is possible, getting along in it, not having it trouble them. As Alice says, adapted to it."

"But they miss," he said. But they miss. They never will have a secret, magic world. Just the real world, and what a hell of a world that is. Suddenly it seemed to Duff that the whole thing depended on children and their parents *not* having any understanding, being strangers to each other. That was the way. That was how to be a happy child.

Now he had it. He poured out another drink to fortify himself. "Those sweet, pretty little girls," he said. "They ought not to like you—much. You ought to not want them around all the time. You ought to want to get them out of the room so you could talk. Don't you see?"

Mrs. Bowen smiled regretfully. "I'm afraid I don't agree with a word you've said, Mr. Duff. That's the old way. That's what I want to get away from."

"Of course it's the old way!" Duff shouted. "It's the old way and it's the good way!"

"I'm afraid we must be going," Alice said. She got up. "Dinner—"

Fishburne got up too, and the others. Mrs. Bowen was still smiling at Duff.

"I know you believe in what you say," she said. "I know there must be important reasons why you think it's true."

Duff got up to talk to her face to face and, in getting up, knocked over the table that held the cocktail makings. The sugar, the lemon peel, spilled all over the floor. The bottle of whiskey did not break but rolled under the sofa. He stood and stared at the floor, a middle-aged young man with a flabby paunch and thinning, curly hair.

"I'm so terribly sorry!" Alice exclaimed. Duff and Fishburne bent down to pick up the things.

"Don't, really don't," Mrs. Bowen said. "The children will. It's been so very nice to meet you, Mr. Duff. Alice . . . Frank . . ."

NONE of them said anything in the car for a mile or so. Duff's head was singing and confused.

"Frank, didn't you think the children were really remarkable?" Alice said at last, across Duff. Her voice was very brisk.

"A great mistake," Duff murmured.

"Now, Mr. Duff, really. You're too absurd, you really are. Why, the best thing anybody can possibly do for a child is to make it adapted."

"No," Duff said. "There isn't anything as important as a beautiful childhood. I had a beautiful childhood. It was down in Virginia . . ."

In that moment she glanced at him. Their eyes met. Duff was no mind-reader and he was not apt to sense people's moods. But in Alice's eyes there was a certain expression. Direct, analyzing, encompassing, as if to say, "And look at you." He knew quite well, the way he sometimes knew some things, that this was the last time he would ever be asked out to old Fishburne's for dinner.

—NANCY HALE

"Hello, George. This is the new outfit I was telling you about."

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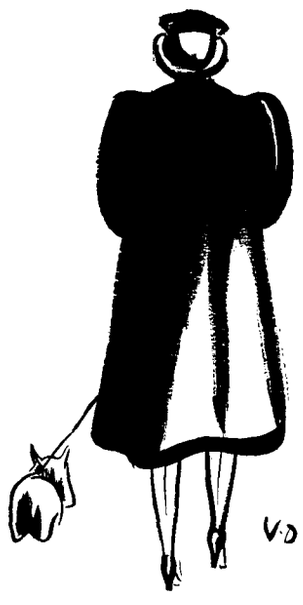
ADVENTURE ON THE SET

DEAR HAL:

WELL, stupid, my latest epic is in the can and in a couple more weeks Broadway and Main St. will have the opportunity of sitting through 95 minutes of looking at my kisser. "Strange Courage" they finally decided on as the name of the latest epic and in it I play this young doctor that gets out of medical college and goes to work in a small town in the middle west or west but not the far west. It is more a modern picture than horse opera. I get out of medical college and full of ideals and pretty soon my ideals take a terriffic pasting around because I no sooner unpack my trunk and hang up my "shingle" than there is some kind of an epidemic and I tangle with the water company as the epidemic turns out to be typhoid fever (very good scene where I say it is typhoid fever and the old doctor in the pay of the water company says it is not typhoid). So then I burn and go to the head of the water company and start raising hell (very good lines here where I talk about ideals but not too high hat). This head of the w.c. is not what you think. Not a regular heavy but just ignorant. It seems he likes the working man and poor people like that all right but he didn't have the time to examine the water and see if there was any typhoid bacteria in it but of course I do not find that out till later. I have this scene bawling him out and in comes his neice in the middle of the scene and slaps my face because she likes the old duck and does not know I am there to protest against the typhoid bacteria in the water. It is love at first sight on both parts although we do not know it till later. She thinks I am just a boore and does not know I am the new young doctor in this town. Well finally I straiten out the epidemic and it turns out the old doc was the owner of the land where the typhoid bacteria was coming from and the only thing he can do when I expose him is shoot himself which he does. There is a lot of other stuff in between but you can catch the picture and let me know what you think of it. They previewed it in Glendale last Friday and from the applause and the cards the audience sent in giving the audience reaction it looks like my best to date. It is a good part and not strictly hameroo where I do nothing but show the good side of my kisser all the time. I got damn sick of those parts and I told the studio last summer I wanted a dramatic part where I could act and so they dug up this book and made a story out of it, although I guess not much of the book is left. Anyway they like me in it, both audience & studio and I wish the old man was alive so he could see I can act. From now on it looks like acting parts for your freind Don and no more of those pretty boy parts that made me sick to my stomach. It is all very well to say the women like those parts but you ought to see some of the letters I would get from husbands and boy freinds like I was a nance. A funny thing about those guys is why would the women go for me if I was a nance? I could never figure that out. I use to read some of those letters and think, well you heel if you think I am a nance I would just like to have an hr. with your wife and you would change your mind. The only trouble is the wife would probably turn out to be a Edna May Oliver or Beulah Bondi type and no Ginger Rogers or glamor girl type.

Well we had a few adventures while shooting "Courage" and I know you are always interested in them. I sure wish you could get set out here some time although I guess you would rather stick to your rehearsal classes and maybe get a chance to carry a spear in "Macbeth." Not that I dont often envy you because as I told you when I first came out here you miss the audience when you are working in pictures. Not that I ever had much of an audience while on Bway but sometimes I did and I missed it when I first came out here but got use to it. We work like hell when we work but a lot of times when they are setting up the cameras etc. preparatory to shooting a scene we have nothing to do but read. The extras knit and we read although some of the female principles knit as well. When I first came out here I use to have fun giving guys the hot foot but it is in my contract now that I get 50% billing and that means I have to stop having fun because the extras dont act natural with you when you are featured and you want to act natural with them. So mostly I park myself in my private dressing room on the set and read.



Well I was in there reading while we were shooting "Courage" and it was very tedeous. I could not get intrested in my book and I was just sitting there waiting for my man to bring my tea (everybody has tea every afternoon) and I looked up and there was this new number, what they call a starlet, and she was standing there and I said hello. Her name was Barbara Bradshaw. She was one of those thousands of little beauty contest winners that gets $75 a week the first six months and seven years options. She said, "Can I join you Mr. Page?" I said sure. She had a bit in "Courage" and plays a young nurse that faints during the epidemic. If you want to see her dont stoop over to tie your shoe or you wont. She is in one of the hospital scenes and I pick her up bodily and take her off the floor and put her on the bed and she dies. I get very sore about this and it is one of the things that make me so mad I go in and bawl out the water company president.

Well she comes in and I start making conversation to put her at her ease and she sits down and just then my man comes in with my tea and she joins me. I asked her how she enjoyed working in pictures and she said she enjoyed them o.k. but she was afraid Fenway was jealous of her. Well of course Fenway plays the neice, the big woman's part and I guess you never met Fenway. Fenway is o.k. if you know how to handle her, but a young kid like this Bradshaw is too unexpereinced to know how to handle Fenway. "Nonesense," I said. "You just have to know how to handle Miss Fenway." Fenway got where she is by being a picture stealer and so naturally she is on the lookout for anyone else doing the same thing. "You are a pretty girl," I said to Bradshaw and she said, "Oh, do you really think so Mr. Page?" I said she wouldnt be in pictures if she wasnt and at this her eyes clouded over a bit because I knew she want-

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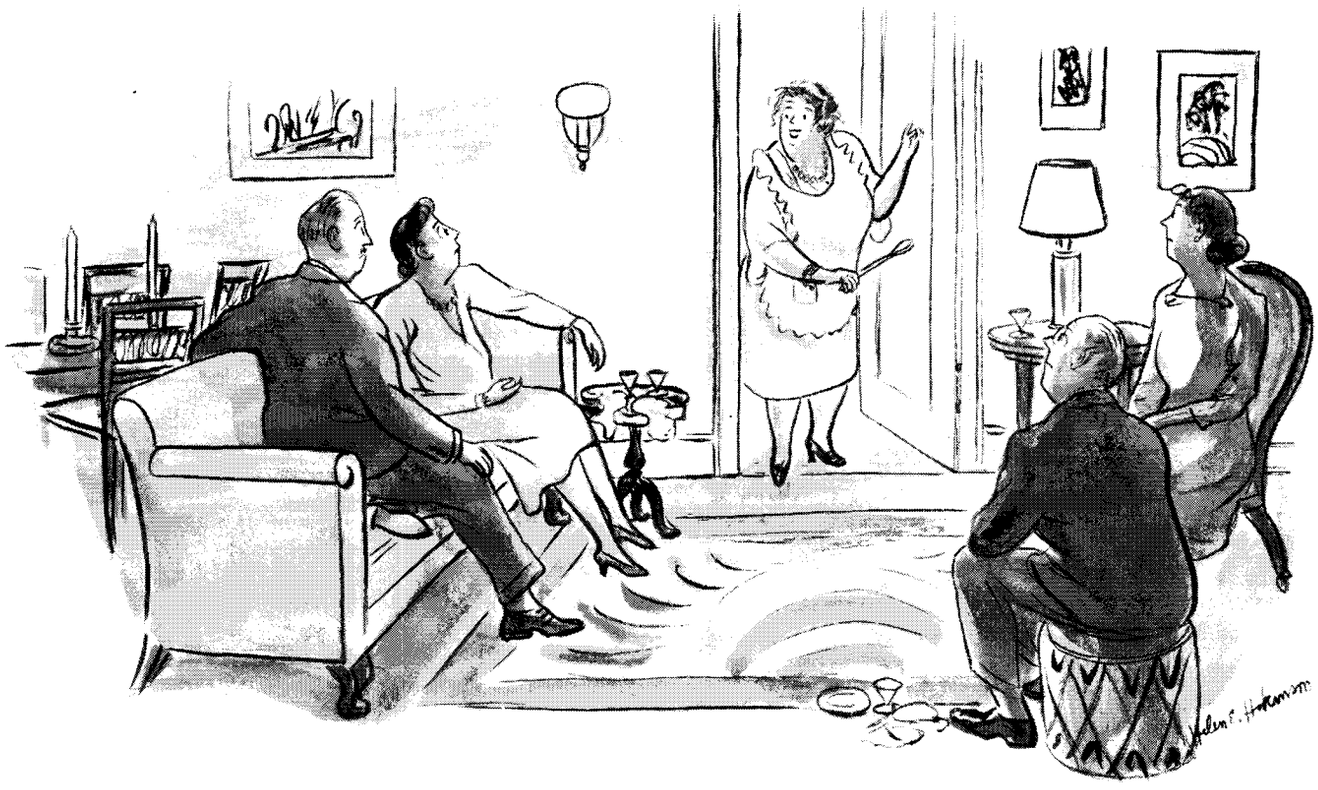

"Now don't anybody say anything too interesting for the next ten minutes."

• •

ed me to put the compliment on a personal basis but I am too wise for that. I know Fenway as you will see. Well we chatted a while and then Bradshaw asked me if I wanted to rehearse our scene and to humor her I said I would be glad to. So we began rehearsing the scene where she does the pass-out and I pick her up and put her on the bed. I have a cot in my dressing room where I lie down sometimes and I put her on the cot.

Well who should walk in while we were rehearsing but Fenway? She often comes to my dressing room and I often go to hers and so that was how it was. I was just putting little Bradshaw on the cot when in walks Fenway. "O, I BEG your PARDON," says Fenway and storms out. Bradshaw was not half as embarrased as I was because (strictly Masonic) I was having a quick touch with Fenway because that is one way to get along with her while making a picture as a lot of the boys have found out. So I was embarrased but so was Bradshaw as she was afraid Fenway would have her kicked off the lot, contract or no contract. Then I began to see the humor of the situation, me innocent as a new born babe but Fenway thinking I have moved in on Bradshaw. I told Bradshaw not to worry and she went out and then Miles the director said no more shooting that day and we could go home.

Well I was use to taking Fenway home in my car or going in hers but when I looked around for her she was gone and the next day she asked Miles to shoot around her as she was frightfully ill of a headache. I know those headaches. When she gets one of those headaches its everybody else that gets them too, the way she screams and yells and curses everybody out. So when she came back to work two days later it was very amusing to watch her, especially where she and I have a couple of love scenes. We were rehearsing a love scene and we would be in a passionate clinch and she would say "rehearsing, eh?" Sore as hell. So when Bradshaw and I were doing our scene where I pick her up off the floor I suddenly saw Fenway sitting there staring at me as if she wanted to put a knife in my back and the humor of the situation got the better of me and I burst out laughing and I was so weak from laughing I had to drop Bradshaw. It damn near had everybody in hystarics. All but Bradshaw. Not that she was really hurt but it came as a surprise to her of course. Miles didnt know what the hell was going on but it must of looked very funny because he laughed and all the others on the set. I had a hard time concentrating before we could do the scene over again good enough to print it.

Well later I told Miles what happened and so for a gag he waited till the picture was in the can and then he made up a story saying we would have retakes and to tantleize Fenway he would make me do retakes of the scene with Bradshaw. We had Fenway crazy. She tried to take it out on Bradshaw but Bradshaw's contract has two more months to run. I had to take Fenway to the preview of "Courage" at Glendale last week and when we come to that scene with Bradshaw and I I suddenly got the worst kick in the shin I ever got from Fenway. "You and your rehearsing" she said.

Well, boy, when you see the picture I hope you get a laugh out of it, only dont laugh too hard out loud as it is one of the most tender scenes in the whole picture. It was tender for poor Bradshaw when I dropped her. Write when you get a chance.

Yrs.
DON
—JOHN O'HARA

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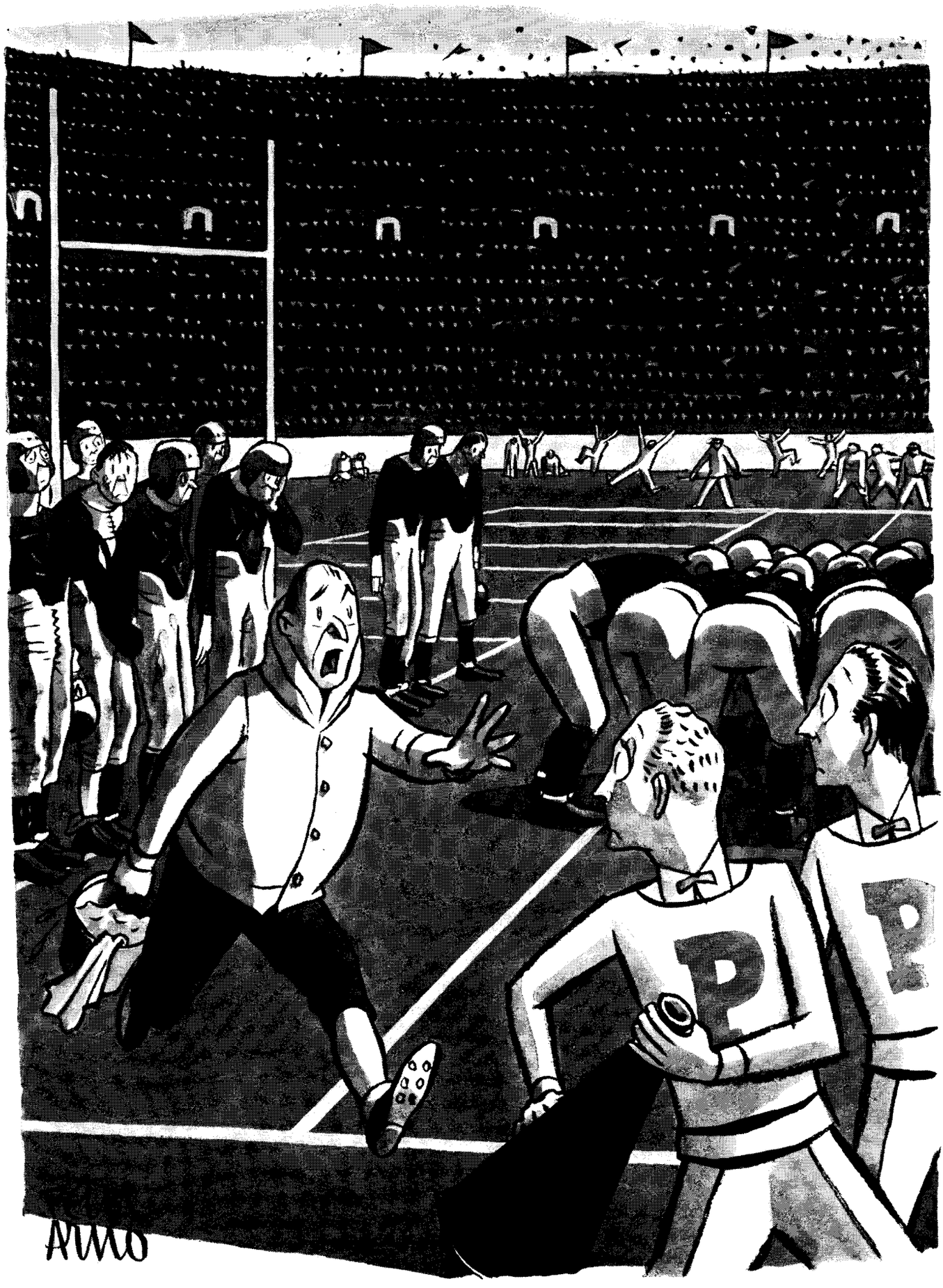

"Give 'em 'Hold Fast, Hold Fast, Thou Granite Wall!' They're just about washed up."

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LITTLE HORROR OF WAR

MY American friends, I find, fail to realize the wildness of the domiciliary promiscuity forced on us in England by the war. They think of it chiefly as thrusting the rich and the poor into the same house, and that is nothing like the worst of it. Indeed, that is often the best of it, for the rich and the poor are not different sorts of people, and the superficial disparities which have been imposed on them by their circumstances can often be rubbed down in a couple of weeks. It is better if the conflicts that inflict wounds on us are conceived not on economic lines but as clashes between incongruous artistic styles.

To take a case in our neighborhood, Mr. and Miss de la Rivière, who are obvious Modiglianis, have, since September, 1939, housed the golden and fleshy and burgeoning family of a London policeman, who are just as obvious Rubenses. The de la Rivières' tall, small, exquisitely furnished rooms, designed for people with swan necks and eclectic tastes, now seethe with what looks like a ceiling painting decanted on the floor. And it is no use pretending that aesthetic and biological forms are not linked. Every now and then the policeman gets leave, and then the transplanted ceiling painting whirls and pulses in time to the rhythm of the stars. Twice since September, 1939, the de la Rivières, who on the day they were born must have been recognizably to die without issue, have driven the central female figure of the composition, lowing like a cow in her exultant distress, to the County Hospital, and that not a minute too soon.

Another error I find my American friends making is to ascribe all these conflicts to the presence of evacuees. These are the sweeter of our sorrows. Indeed, in some cases, such as my own, they are not sorrows at all. Far grimmer are the tragedies which proceed from the present conditions of domestic service. Most of us have lost the servants we had at the beginning of the war. My butler left me long ago to return to his first job, which was shipbuilding, and my housemaid is making airplane parts. My cook gave notice last fall, on the ground that we were spending less and less time in town and she was afraid of the dark in the country. "I think it's the owls," she said, and went back to spend the winter being blitzed. Replacement of such losses was not easy, as all servants except those who are too old or too young or too delicate have rightly taken up war work. For a little while this condition was corrected out in the country by the exodus of servants from bombed towns. Such as these were, we could get them. But in spring that ended, with the lull in the air raids.

It is as if at that moment a thick, clear jelly had been poured into the kitchens of England. In some cases it has melted and flowed away, taking that which was there and leaving it empty. But in most cases it has jelled round whatever was there when the air raids stopped. We cling onto whatever servants we had when the lull started, however bad they are. That is how Little Horror of War, for so we love to call her, happens to be in my kitchen. She would not have stayed there for two days had not history conspired to put her there and keep her there.

I wish I could have the creature stuffed and some of her most characteristic remarks recorded for the gramophone, so that future generations could understand how it was that I spent so much of the sharpest crisis the world has yet known in hating my cook. In appearance she resembles an aged Kewpie doll, and she stands about four feet eleven. She is fifty-nine, but her manner suggests that in her childhood she may have played some of the minor characters, the briefer regurgitations, in "Peter Pan." When she was a girl many men must have looked down on her and wanted—to use a Victorian phrase I have always admired for knowing when to stop—to pick her up in their arms and carry her away. But that does not save me from her. Bad men probably never were able to make her understand what it was they wanted. Simple as this may have been, it can hardly have been simpler than the way to boil spaghetti, and I have been trying to teach her that for three months without the slightest sign of success. Good men were probably deflected from their more leisurely approach by realization of the truly frightening totality of her littleness. For she is little in body and mind and soul with a completeness that excludes everything not minuscule. She was in London throughout the blitz, and Hitler has dropped hundreds and thousands of pounds of high explosive all round her; the club where she slept in London is the only house left standing in a row of five. But she still does not know that there is a war. It is too huge an idea to get into her little nutshell of a brain. She is always forgetting it, she cannot allow for any of its consequences; when she is reminded of it she cannot keep her interest on it.

ALL this morning I worked in the soft-fruit cage. This was a derelict property when we bought it, and the ground is writhing with weeds. I had to strip the new raspberry canes, the old canes that may still give us a few berries, of the strangling morning glories which had rushed up after heavy rain. At ten to one I walked back to the house through the apple orchard, looking at each of the young, shoulder-high trees I passed on either side, to make sure they were still clean and free from scab. All my life I have found it almost impossible to acquire a routine, particularly of a vigilant nature; practically nothing has seemed to me worth watching. But I want those apples. Few of us have been hungry yet, but we all know that hunger lies waiting just over the hill of the year, in the dark months when the blackout will be most intolerable, and there will be more raids.

I crossed the courtyard and sat on a packing case while I pulled off my gum boots. Phyllis, who is still my housemaid because she is only seventeen, and Lydia, who is still my parlormaid because she has a weak heart, came out of the kitchen door and set about playing with the three black kittens who live in the boot room.

"There's nothing," they explained, straightening themselves as soon as they saw me, "we can do. Lunch won't be ready for a long time, cook says. The stove nearly went out this morning."

The stove takes eight hours to relight, and may at such times demand the attention of a man who lives seven miles away. In the kitchen, Little Horror of War was being defiantly tiny and fragile, Wendy and weeny and itsy-bitsy, and, while owning with a toss of her head that the stove might have been low, she claimed that it had recovered.

"That means," I said, "that you for-

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got to stoke it last night and left it till late this morning. Do try to remember, just one shovelful—you don't need any more—the last thing at night."

"In all my other places," said Little Horror of War tartly, "they've kept a chauffeur who looked after the stove."

Three of our bombers came across our valley, churning out a heavy vibration that was like the pulse of hideousness itself. I began to tremble with anger. "We used to keep a chauffeur," I said, "but he died."

"How was that?" asked Little Horror of War, interest dawning in her eyes. She enjoys a good accident.

"He was drowned," I said.

"Drowned?"

"He left us and joined the merchant service," I said, "and his ship was torpedoed."

"Oh, the war," she murmured. The interest went out of her eyes.

IN the sitting room my household was listening to the news broadcast. Millions of Germans and millions of Russians were shoving each other backward and forward on the unknown country between the Baltic and the Black Sea, a tide of faceless men ebbing and flowing over featureless lands. At the end of the news lunch was not ready, and we spent the interval, as we always spend these intervals, which are becoming longer and longer and more and more frequent under the regime of Little Horror of War, in a resort to the printed word, which is at once more urgent and more perfunctory than I ever expected to make. The room is dominated by the most beautiful piece of furniture we possess, a Queen Anne bookcase, eleven feet long, which is so exquisitely engineered that it looks light and graceful though it holds over seven hundred books. When we first came here we packed it with all the books we liked best and wanted to reread, and all the books we had long wanted to read but had never had the time for in our crowded working years. Books on history, most of them are. It is months since we last opened the glass doors of the bookcase, it may be months before we open them again. But the room is strewn with books that are no books—technical primers about tomatoes and cows and butter-making and poultry-keeping, and in these we scrabble during these immense intervals, my husband and I, Scotch Helen, who is staying with us for the duration of the war, and Margaret, our secretary. We cry out our discoveries, which would strike all the people who live round us for many miles as incredibly, touchingly, comically naïve. Helen's mother contributes wisdom recollected from a childhood, seventy years distant, spent on a Highland farm. The schoolboy who is spending his holiday here reads Plato's Republic, but puts it aside when there is advice needed about mechanics. He, alone of us, is adept in that magic, he alone knows what it was that hit us.

"Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear Marcus Julius, happy birthday to you."

When lunch came it tasted good, but only till the second course. Then there were served not only the gooseberry tart I had ordered but a rice pudding. To me that sentence is colored by that same kind of emotion that would be heard in the voice of a woman saying, "And when I looked down at my hand I saw that my emerald ring had gone." Again I trembled with rage, and as soon as the meal was over I went back to the now loathed, the long-time abominated kitchen.

"Why did you make that rice pudding?" I asked. "I didn't order it."

"I made it," said Little Horror of War, "to use up the milk."

I had to remind myself that I must not shout. "But you don't have to use up the milk. You mustn't use up the morning milk. That means you will have to draw on the evening milk, and we need that—we need it for the calves and the pigs, and for butter. You do understand, don't you? It's really important. If we don't make as much butter as we're doing, then we won't have any to salt down for the winter, and we'll have to go without."

"Well," said Little Horror of War, pouting in baby scornfulness, "I suppose we'd get our butter ration."

"But we don't want our butter ration," I said. I was being good, I was not shouting; I was just not shouting. "It's our idea not to draw rations for anything we can produce here. We're trying to make this place self-supporting and feed ourselves."

"Yes," said Little Horror of War, shaking her old and incoherent curls, "but we're not doing it, are we?"

Sometimes I feel guilty because our household is so well fed. None of us can

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possibly ever have felt the remotest cousin to a pang of hunger.

"Well, the family and the staff don't have a cooked breakfast," said Little Horror of War to my retreating back, "and I haven't ever been in a place before where the staff wasn't given a cooked breakfast."

I turned about, drawn by the morbid curiosity that would make one take an opportunity of looking at an interesting criminal. "A cooked breakfast? Eggs and bacon?"

"Yes, eggs and bacon," said Little Horror of War.

Sometimes in the days when one used to travel one saw a peasant in a field mumbling and grumbling over his work, straightening himself now and then, not to rest but to have it out with an absent enemy. I was like that for the first half-hour after I went back to the fruit cage. "Eggs and bacon? The fool! The half-wit, the ape!" I muttered to the raspberry canes. I thought of all the considerations that made Little Horror of War's complaint imbecile and callous. We sell our pigs to the government. We are allowed to kill for our own use just one every six months, then we go off the bacon ration and use the bacon and ham to eke out our minute meat ration of twenty-five cents' worth a week. We have forty-three hens, but most of them are ceasing to lay, and we must put down as many eggs as possible in water glass. People who do not keep hens are allowed two eggs a week. If there should be an invasion and this part of the country were cut off, I should have to feed from our stores not only the nine persons in our household but six others, four adults and two children, who live on our land. And this folly, this crowning folly, of using up the milk!

Using up the milk. That fetched me upright. I stood up straight, saying it to the wire mesh in front of me. I saw the nicely painted kitchen of some apartment in London, in a dreamlike, unruined London, where an unharried mistress, with clean nails, dressed for a leisurely morning of shopping in stores where food just was, miraculously was, nodded fatuous approval while Little Horror of War said, "I made it to use up the milk." Illogically, I shuddered with disgust at this vision, though, till a short time ago, the scene would have been uninteresting in its innocence.

But soon the weeds won, and I thought only of tracking down the enlacements of the morning glories, vapid and murderous little creatures that would go anywhere for scene-making and complications, through the sturdy canes.

IT was about four o'clock, when I was kneeling well in the middle of the row, that I heard a voice calling out my name and begging my pardon.

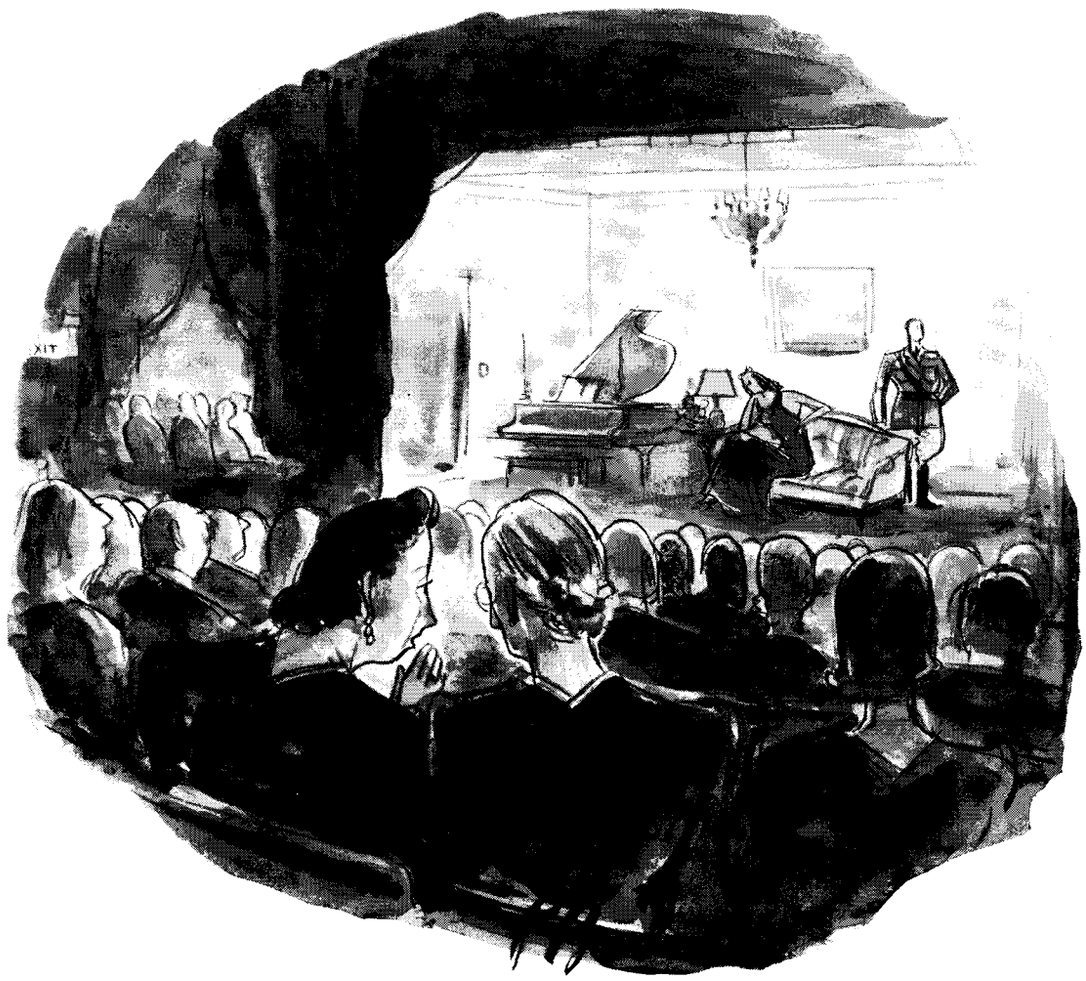
"They told me at the house that you were down here," said Mr. Phillips, the grocer, "and I came along because it don't seem natural what that cook person says, that none of you don't want your jam rations. For jam or marmalade the ration is, and marmalade I got just now, and you may have jam laid down from last year, or you may have saved sugar and made it this year, but marmalade you can't have made, so I tells the cook person I would come and see you again."

We roared with laughter over the joke. Not want our marmalade! We'd not be wanting money next. I apologized for Little Horror of War's troublesome folly that had given him a trip down our hilly garden, and wondered why she had suddenly got this idea.

"She ain't got it suddenly," said Mr. Phillips. "She wouldn't take last month's ration, neither. Nine pounds for the lot of you I brought along in the van, and she wouldn't have it, the silly—" He broke off into a breath.

"Oh, God!" I said. "Oh, *God!*" We stood and stared at each other through the wire netting. "Can you let me have the arrears?"

"That I can't, though I'd like to do it," said Mr. Phillips. "The Food



"I feel so guilty enjoying it after what Brooks Atkinson said!"

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Office won't let me do that sort of thing no more. Once a month's ended 'tis over."

Among the raspberry canes I stamped and held my head and groaned. "What does one do, Mr. Phillips?" I asked. "What does one do?"

Mr. Phillips put his face close to the wire netting. His expression reminded me of an essay I was required to write by the United Free Church of Scotland when I was fourteen years old: "Examine the distinction between justice and mercy." "Wait till the end of the war," said Mr. Phillips, "and then we'll send all that sort back to the place where they belong. Pay 'em their week's wages and give 'em time to pack their traps and turn 'em out, whether it be raining and there be standing room only in the bus. That's what I'll do with that gormless lout whom I got over at my Buckley branch, that's what you'll do with this cook person. And I'd be pleased if you'd come up to the house with me and explain it all to her so's I can get it straight with her from now on when I come with my groceries, for she's as stubborn as she's silly."

In the kitchen I found it difficult to attract Little Horror of War's attention, for she was ogling and bridling, as if she had heard that Mr. Phillips was a lonely widower, anxious to change his state. I did not blame her. She could not be expected to guess that he was regarding her with a tender and gloating expression only because he visualized the day when I would celebrate peace by driving her out of the house with the grossest inhumanity possible in the circumstances. When he had gone she became less restive in manner, more rectilinear in bearing, and I thought it would be easier to get at grips with her; but I was mistaken.

"I'd like to know why you turned back these rations," I said. "You see, there must be some sort of misunderstanding that might lead you to do the same with other rations."

"Well, it's hard to make out what's wanted here," Little Horror of War said pertly. "One minute I'm told we mustn't draw butter rations and, oh, no, we can't have our bacon rations, and then the next minute I'm told we must draw our jam rations. In my other places there wasn't all this changing about. I knew what was expected and I did it."

I was silent, imagining what it would be like to say, "Go upstairs and pack your box." But Mr. Phillips was right. That cannot be till after the war. I said, "But you don't quite understand. We don't draw our butter and bacon rations because we make our own butter and bacon. But we cannot make our own sugar, and we can't save enough out of our sugar rations to make any quantity of jam, and jam will be most useful to us if there is an invasion and we have to feed a lot of refugees, because bread and jam is a sustaining food which doesn't have to be cooked. So we must draw our jam rations."

"But jam isn't food at all," said Little Horror of War, with a curl of her nasty little lip. "You eat jam just for the taste."

"There's a great deal of energy in sugar," I said patiently, but I could hear a raw edge of hatred cutting through my patience. The wind rushed through the great trees round my house. I paused, stung by a sense of frustration, of interference with long-laid and carefully executed plans, which had vexed me long ago when I went to lunch at a villa on the French Riviera with some people I hardly knew and swam in their pool without knowing that it was the habit of their guests to bathe naked. Hardly had I begun to paddle about in my modest Jantzen when the air was cleft by the diving pinkness of a New Yorker whom I have never learned to like, and I remember thinking indignantly, "I know that I have made mistakes without number and that I am in many respects a failure, but I did believe that I had ordered my life successfully in so far as I did not have to see —— other than fully clothed. But now even that poor little triumph has been taken from me." I had, until the outbreak of this war, been serenely sure that I was not the kind of woman who had prolonged rows with her cook. For this my mother worked before I was born, for this I have made my life a curious pilgrimage; but she and I had been circumvented. There I stood, in the kitchen which Little Horror of War had made detestable to me, with a shrewish switchback in my voice.

My sentence unfinished, I went out into the corridor. My conscience scolded me because I had not continued my exposition of food values, and it scolded me again when I stopped to listen to Phyllis, the housemaid, who was lying in wait for me so that she could give the true explanation of the jam-ration mystery. In the days when I did not have rows with my cook I did not listen to a servant telling tales about a fellow-servant, particularly when the tale was as cruel an exposure of aging fatuity as Phyllis was about to tell. But now the case was altered, because Phyllis had lost her own jam ration, which was legally hers though I would have had to pay for it, and she had a plain right to discuss the loss. So I had to

STATISTICS

Sixty souls, this day, will book passage for brighter ports and bluer skies.
At sunset, two thousand will stop for a moment to watch birds flying south.
In five thousand rooms the shades will be drawn, with the lamps adjusted, the tables prepared, and the cards arranged for solitaire.
This day, ninety-four will divorce, while thirty-three persons meet great, though unexpected, financial success.
Twenty-one, on this day, will elect to die.

These are the figures, incontrovertible; such are the facts.
Sixty, two thousand, five thousand, ninety-four, thirty-three, twenty-one.

Actuary of actuaries, when these ordained numbers shall have been fulfilled, at the predestined hour,
What shall be done to prove and redeem them, to explain and preserve them?
How shall these accounts be balanced, otherwise than in personal flesh and blood?

By cold addition or subtraction? And on what fiery comptometer?
Because the need for an answer that is correct is very great.

—Kenneth Fearing

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listen while Phyllis said, "Cook is such an old silly. That's what's the matter, not that she doesn't understand. She's got it into her head Mr. Phillips likes her, and she doesn't care for marmalade or for jam either, not unless it's strawberry, and Mr. Phillips he hadn't nothing but gooseberry or plum, and she thought, the silly old thing, that if she sent the lot back he'd trouble himself to send back strawberry. 'It's strawberry I like,' she says at the back door last month. 'Mind that, Mr. Phillips,' waving her head about the way she does, and she says it again this afternoon. Full of meaning she was, and that's when Mr. Phillips went down to look for you in the orchard."

I leaned against the wall and groaned. This attempt to use a vanished springtime for conjuring up jam that did not exist was as ashes in the mouth of the world. It was in my mind to say, "Phyllis, I'm going to send cook away. I don't believe we will be able to get anybody else, but Miss Helen and I can do the cooking, and we must all just work together." But that, I knew after an instant, would not do. Helen and I are busy enough with our own work. And there is a powerful psychological reason. Phyllis and Lydia would not like it. The cook cooks not only for us but for them; she dishes up their meals, she does most of the washing up. They would feel embarrassed that we should work for them, they would imagine themselves under an obligation to take all the rougher jobs out of our hands, and, above all, they would feel it was a violation of established tradition, an infringement on the way that things are done in respectable households. The peculiar difficulty of living through this war is that, though the roots of the old life have been destroyed, enough of the top growth survives to make it seem to the uninstructed as if the world had not really changed, as if we might quite well go on as we used to do.

"Well, General, they keeping you busy these days?"

I WAS too angry to return to the fruit cage and work by myself. I joined the others in the garage, where they were sorting the peas we had all gathered the day before in one of our fields, so that the greengrocer could fetch them that evening. Though we are in the heart of the country, our village is famined for vegetables. This is pasture land, with very little arable and no market gardens; and a neighboring village, which has been extravagantly incremented by an Army clothing factory, buys all the greenstuff as soon as it has got free of the sod. This new work soothed me by its monotony and its obvious meritoriousness, and my companions amused me. I began to won-

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der why I had felt so passionately angry against the Little Horror of War. This was not a specially bad day for her. There had been far worse ones, the most irritating, perhaps, the day she refused to clean the chickens on the ground of fastidiousness and watched Helen and me while we did the job, with the air of the *ancien régime* thrust into contact with two *tricoteuses*. Today was not so bad, really; it chiefly deserved to be remembered for its disclosure of the chivalrous reticence of Mr. Phillips.

I passed judgment too early. That night, as we were to learn when we were gathered together in the drawing room for the customary half-hour's wait for dinner, Little Horror of War committed the offense that we were to find, of all her feats of wastefulness and impertinence and insensibility, the most exasperating. For it was an offense against our cat, our ginger cat, who is exquisitely beautiful, a fineness emanating amber light, and has an amusing, astringent character.

Usually every step he takes is an image of arrogance. But when he came in that night there was a difference. The tail was held as high as usual, the ears were pricked, but the amber light was not so effulgent. Behind him followed Margaret, our secretary, wearing the expression of a loyal court official who had been dining with his royal master and had heard him hooted in the street. There had, indeed, occurred an event that was hardly less shocking. Ginger Pounce had been found miaowing outside the kitchen door, which was closed. Margaret, passing, had opened it and had benevolently paused to watch him have his supper. But there was no plate put under the kitchen table, and Little Horror of War did not pause in her unprofitable bustlings about the stove.

"Cook," Margaret had said, with that sense of letting oneself in for a headache which we all get when we address any remark to Little Horror of War, "shall I get Pounce his supper?"

"I'm afraid," Little Horror of War had answered, with the usual toss of her curls, "that there isn't any supper for Pounce."

"No supper for Pounce!" Margaret had exclaimed. "But what about the cod's head the fishmonger left?"

"It's in the larder and it's not been boiled," said Little Horror of War, flushed by malice to a temporary youthfulness, as nicer women might have been by the memory of first love or the prospect of doing a kindness. "I'm not going to touch it. I've never been asked to cook for animals before, and I'm not going to start now. Not with a cod's head, anyway. I hate the things. They're so ugly. With those great, staring eyes. We're having rock salmon tonight, a dreadful common fish. I've hardly ever been asked to cook it in any other place I've been. I can't think why Madam couldn't have ordered an extra cut of it for the cat."

The whole household, from the old Scottish lady to the schoolboy, broke out into cries of anger. To people like us, who have been bombed, who have lost friends and possessions and seen the pattern of normal life destroyed, who are facing what may be the worst winter the world has ever seen, an untroubled piece of beauty like a cat can mean a great deal, particularly when it is coquettish and pushes away caresses with its paw as if there were an excess of geniality in the universe, and the thing could be thrown away. But it was an incident about which one could not be serious for long.

I took Margaret aside and said, "I suppose you said you'd boil the cod's head yourself after dinner. . . . I thought so. Gradually we're doing all her work as well as our own. But did she really say we ought to have got some rock salmon for Pounce? Haven't I got it into her head yet that it's against the law to give animals food that's fit for human consumption?"

"You haven't," said Margaret. "She's an awful woman. She hasn't any head, and she hasn't any heart. I told her all over again that it was illegal, and I tried to make her see why it was right that it should be. I said that the fishermen had to face being mined and bombed when they were out at sea, so we couldn't give an animal what they'd risked their lives to get, though we were glad to give it any waste bits. And she said, 'Well, the fishermen are paid for their work, aren't they?' Oh, I'd like to beat Little Horror of War. I'd like to thrash her."

"I don't want to beat Little Horror of War," I said, in my weak, middle-aged way. "I only want never to see her or hear of her again."

"We'll have to beat her if there's an invasion and she's still here," said Margaret, who is kind but has the realism of youth. "When you come down to it, if one was in great danger and there was somebody about who never understood anything and was illimitably spiteful and treacherous, what could you do but hit them?"

In my distress I walked about the room, and came to a halt, as one often does in moments of distraction, before something shining. I found myself staring through the glass doors of my Queen Anne bookcase, at the long rows of volumes in which historians, knitting their brows in amazement as they peered through the telescope of research, endeavored to make comprehensible those alien and remote ages when man was barbarous. —REBECCA WEST

•

Coakley told the Senate judges he had been given to understand that Patriarca, although serving a three to five year sentence for breaking and entering and a similar concurrent term for armed robbery, was essentially a home-loving boy who was exceptionally devoted to his mother.

"When he wasn't in jail somewhere, he was always home with his mother," he explained.—*Boston Herald.*

Just sort of mischievous, eh?

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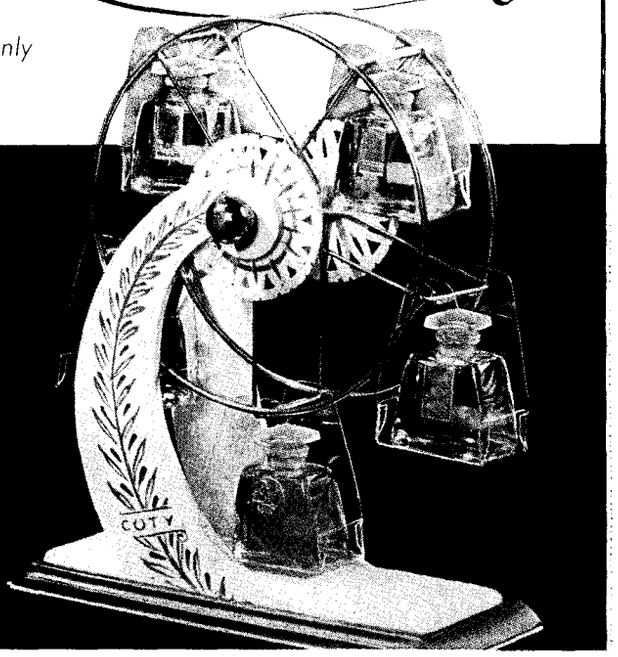

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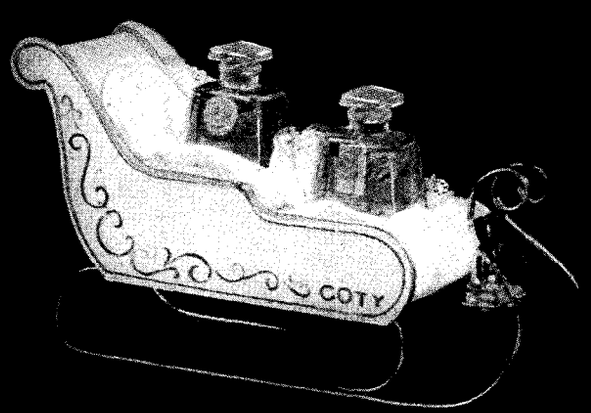

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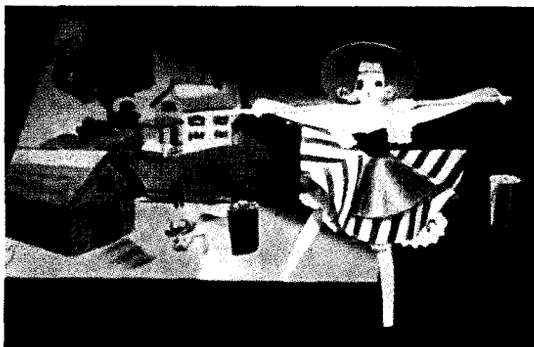

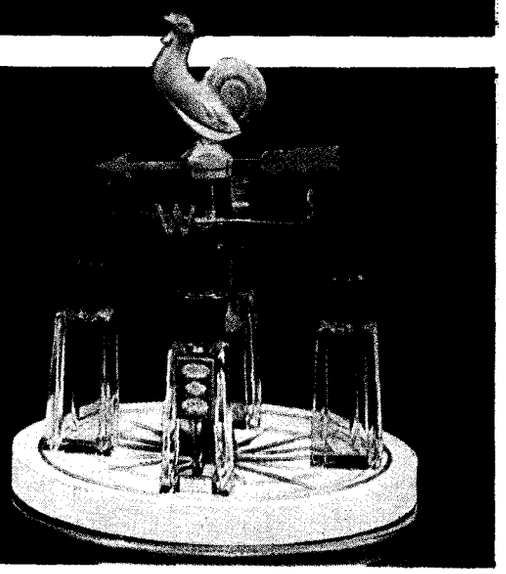

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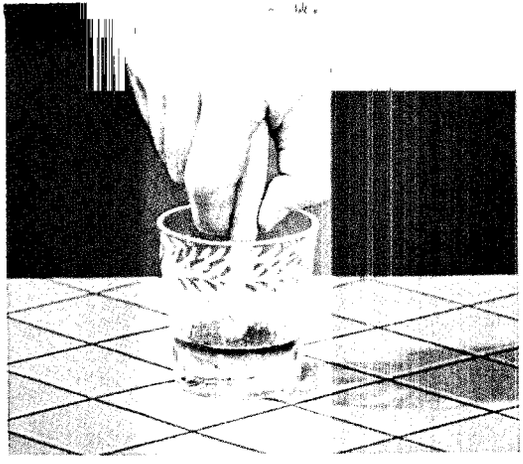
For the most glorious Old-Fashioned you've ever tasted, use ½ lump sugar, 2 dashes bitters, 1 twist of lemon peel.



After adding a few drops of water, muddle sugar, bitters and lemon peel with wooden pestle.

Add cube of ice—and pour in 1½ jiggers of *today's Four Roses*. Then serve—and get set for more compliments than you've ever heard before!

You're about to make an Old-Fashioned discovery!

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We mean an Old-Fashioned made with *today's* Four Roses—a whiskey softly mellow, of truly exceptional flavor. In short, we believe that unless you've tasted *today's* Four Roses, you just can't possibly know how *extra-special* a whiskey can really be!

So today—discover the thrill of an Old-Fashioned made with *today's* Four Roses. If you wish, add fruit to the recipe above—it won't dim the richness of *this* whiskey. Or, make your Old-Fashioned as suggested here—and enjoy the full fragrance of the greatest whiskey ever made!

Today—try today's FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old.
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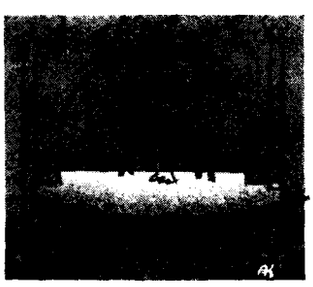
THE THEATRE

RESURRECTION MAN

NOEL COWARD's characters have always been inorganic, supernatural, and strange, but up to now they have been presented as actual people, made out of meat and subject to the law of gravity. In "Blithe Spirit," however, Mr. Coward has given us honest ectoplasm and also, I think, an interesting paradox: it is really easier to believe in one of his heroines if you don't have to pretend that she is mortal flesh and blood. The shimmering, unearthly wit is much more plausible in a shade; the lively but quite disembodied preoccupation with sex is only natural in a lady made of mist; the airy freedom from all economic or political concern is reasonable enough in a girl who can no longer eat or vote. Generally speaking, it is a risky business for a playwright to tamper with the Beyond, but Mr. Coward is a special case—if anything, more at home with the shadow than the substance. The play at the Morosco is classified by its author as an "improbable farce," but from where I sat it looked at least as probable as either "Private Lives" or "Design for Living" and, if Father may bare his claws for a moment, not much more farcical than "Point Valaine."



Like most of the Coward works, "Blithe Spirit" is moderately hostile to synopsis: the stage always seems to be full of furious activity, but in retrospect the plot dwindles until it is hard to believe that it could have been spread out to consume rather more than two hours. In this instance, the facts in the case are even more meagre than usual. Charles Condomine, a popular novelist residing in Kent at a time emphatically not the present, arranges a séance in order to get material for a book he is writing. His success is beyond his eeriest dreams, since the medium, to her own proud astonishment, manages to produce the lovely, ashen spectre of his first wife. As this fashionable wraith (cerements by Mainbocher) is visible and audible to no one but Condomine, her presence inevitably leads to a certain amount of domestic confusion, and the second Mrs. Condomine, observing her mate addressing nothing, reasonably concludes that he is either drunk or a mental case. Eventually, though, she is persuaded that the premises are indeed bewitched, and the two ladies settle down to one of the most unusual struggles ever waged over any man, especially one of the booksy type. In the end, through some ghostly error, the living Mrs. Condomine is killed in an automobile accident and is also transported to the astral plane, leaving the exasperated artist with two spooks on his hands. This, in essence, is the story of the play called "Blithe Spirit," and, for Shelley's peace of mind, it is probably just as well he died when he did.

Given only this negligible material, however, Mr. Coward has written as deft, malicious, and fascinating a comedy as you could hope to see. His characteristic juxtaposition of peculiar words has never been neater ("You always had a certain seedy grandeur, Charles," one of the spectral damsels tells the hero in a typical love scene); his comic invention was never more brilliant or profuse ("As a matter of fact, she's rather good fun," says the first Mrs. Condomine, referring to Joan of Arc, with whom, along with Merlin and Genghis Khan, she often played bridge across the Styx); and seldom, I think, has anybody varied the ancient triangle with quite so much ingenuity and malignant charm. Altogether, with the exception of a brief stretch in the last act when Mr. Coward apparently decided that two ghosts ought to be twice as funny as one and the law of diminishing returns began to set in, "Blithe Spirit" seemed to me an almost pure delight.

Clifton Webb, as the haunted author, has just the correct wispy elegance and achieves, I should say, one of the best performances of his career, while Peggy Wood and a beautiful, languishing Briton called Leonora Corbett are deadly and sweet as the ladies from hell. Mr. Coward's most notable creation, however, a bouncy spiritualist who converses entirely in the hearty clichés of a games mistress or a Girl Guide, has been entrusted to Mildred Natwick, who gives it the works. John C. Wilson's direction is all the master could possibly have asked.

FOR a really ingenious, if not a paralyzing, plot, may I refer you to "The Walrus and the Carpenter," at the Cort? It seems that Mrs. Essie Stuyvesant, a widow woman living in a fancy shack up on East Eighty-eighth Street, owes $800 in back rent and $360 for the butler's salary. Upstairs, one of her daughters is about to have a baby and whimsically keeps asking for shrimps and Burgundy. When she doesn't get them, she tries to bite the nurse. Downstairs, we find another daughter, Bickey, aged seventeen, in love with an unemployed actor; still another, called Gerda, unhappily married to an aesthete who always has his nose in Ruskin or Carlyle; a high-minded real-estate operative in love with Gerda; a genial old obstetrician in love with Mrs. Stuyvesant; an expectant father who makes $25 a week writing advertisements; a villainous butler who steals a sapphire ring which his mistress had been planning to hock to pay the rent; and, finally, a nurse who is just terribly, terribly plain. Amusingly enough, these last three are named Yipper, Corder, and Pyngar. Well, when Mr. Stuyvesant died, he didn't leave much of anything except a lot of old Spanish bonds which nobody thought were worth a dime and so . . . Had enough plot? Good. Pauline Lord, the leader in these shenanigans, seemed to me a little bored or inattentive or both. The others, including Nicholas Joy, Karen Morley, and Frances Heflin, struggled through the long, doomed evening with a heroism not often equalled since Balaklava.

"THE MAN WITH BLOND HAIR," which vanished from the Belasco after seven performances, was a striking example of the effect of lotus-eating on the human mind. A few years ago its author, Norman Krasna, wrote a tidy and respectable melodrama called "Small Miracle," and then promptly departed for Hollywood, where he has been basking ever since. His new play, while containing vestigial traces of ability, was probably the silliest attempt to deal with the Nazi menace up to now. It is Mr. Krasna's wistful theory that Hitler's disciples can be cured by noble example and for this purpose (and, incidentally, by a device that would embarrass Shirley Temple) he planted an escaped German aviator in the bosom of a Jewish family in the Bronx, where he

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LILLIAN HELLMAN'S "WATCH ON THE RHINE"
LUCILE WATSON
PAUL LUKAS
MADY CHRISTIANS
MARTIN BECK Theatre
W. 45 Street
Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ETHEL BARRYMORE
in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
by EMLYN WILLIAMS
ROYALE Theatre
W. 45 Street
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"BRILLIANT! . . . MIRACULOUS!"
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MAX GORDON presents
The LAND IS BRIGHT
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MUSIC BOX, 45 ST. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Thurs. (Nov. 20)
Holiday Matinee Thursday (Nov. 27)

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
4th YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

was subjected to approximately two and a half hours of regional cooking and lofty political instruction. In the end he renounced the totalitarian ideal and surrendered to the police, though whether from moral conviction or a simple desire to get away from Mrs. Hoffman and her stupefying daughter is more than I can say. The twelve actors employed by Mr. Krasna for this assault on the public sanity were, of course, entirely blameless and the secret of their identity is safe with me.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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Across a squirreled, green-swept Unter Den Linden, on busy Commonwealth avenue lies an apartment. Penthouse is a better word. No rococo, staid brown-stone front this; rather, glass tiers, solid pastel door, and on the inside, an interesting name: Eleanor Early.

The entire sixth floor is hers, completely so. The space is at once arresting, unbelievably large. Entering, one can't help noticing the terrace, its striking location, its superb view. Sense climbs over mind here. Far below, a city lies in grey smoke. A green zig-zag of roofs stretches to the left, while at the feet springs a bold blaze of garden jewels. This is the rampart with its scattered chairs, bit of fireplace, West Indian brazier, and flame of tangled fuchsias. Beauty and the Beauty live here, content to become a part of the wonder, and to watch the intimate drunken chimneys, the up-swept gables, the far-away blue thread that is the Charles.

"But my living room, I am quite proud of it."

I turned at the sound of that interesting voice. A new and bewildering magnificence lay before me. The inside of the apartment was as intriguing as its two terraces. Color was green, rampant, staggering in modest strains, blinding in full tides of contrast, yet melting into strange and beautiful harmony. For there were definite color patterns. They could be traced, intriguingly so. Here was color at its height, decor in triumph. Reds lay coolly scorching deep purple, stealing distinction from more placid shades. Pale green walls climbed down to solid blue rugs, inviting disaster but creating brilliant unity.

The room was filled with an inescapable dream quality. One thought of old world elegance, as Italian prints caught the eye with their Renaissance richness; of the strangest of Arabian Nights, at a single glimpse of exotically plumed birds; of heat-blinding days in the tropics, as colorful jungle dramas hanging in earthy hues struck the imagination. Here was unstrained extravaganza, full vigorous language, Eleanor Early's description come to life. . . .

A door closed with a gentle click. Out on the street, Massachusetts plates fled silently by, squirrels whirled across green grass. Was it a dream or did that bizarre strangeness, that flawlessly modern mosaic, truly exist?—*Mollie Oliver in the Wellesley (Mass.) Townsman.*

There you have us, lady.

The Theatre Guild and The Playwrights' Company present
Helen Hayes
in Maxwell Anderson's New Play
Candle in the Wind
Staged by Alfred Lunt
Shubert Theatre, W. 44th St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Guthrie McClintic presents
GRACE GEORGE and C. AUBREY SMITH in
SPRING AGAIN
A Comedy by
Isabel Leighton & Bertram Bloch
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. 8:40. Mats Thurs & Sat.

"NO AUDIENCE CAN RESIST 'THE WOOKEY'."—Time Magazine
EDGAR SELWYN presents
THE WOOKEY
by FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
with EDMUND GWENN
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St. W. of B'y.
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Sat. & Thurs. (Nov. 20)
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MAURICE EVANS and JUDITH ANDERSON
in Shakespeare's
MACBETH
Directed by MARGARET WEBSTER
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. PEnn. 6-8220
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
Extra Hol. Mat. Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 20

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GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
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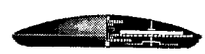

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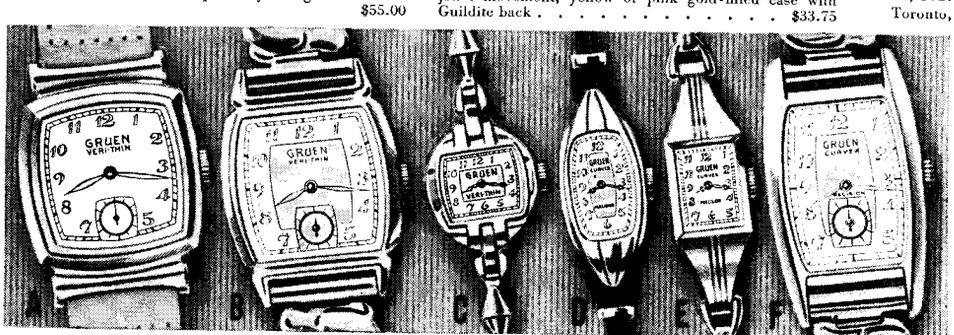

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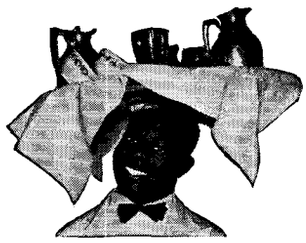

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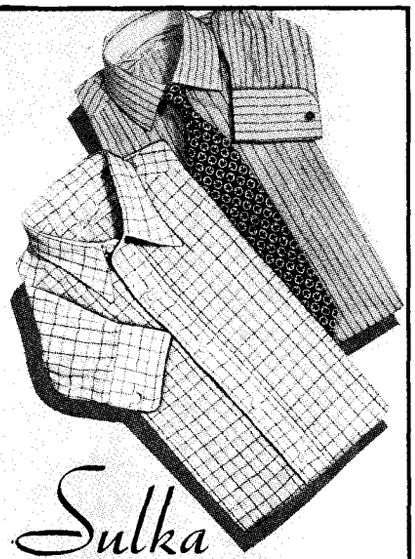

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Senate vote amending the Neutrality Act did not follow strict party lines. Still, it is pretty clear that the Democrats and Republicans are mad at two entirely different fellows.

•

Tokio's envoy, Kurusu, is coming all the way to Washington to ask our government to reverse its Far Eastern policy. He could have got the same results by using the phone.

•

Hitler tells the beer-hall boys that Roosevelt was practically the cause of the war. Every time this *Putsch*-anniversary show appears, it seems to have a new villain.

•

No doubt it has been explained to Lord Halifax that the throwing of eggs and vegetables is just an old Detroit custom. It has been experienced by other great men, including Wendell Willkie and Muscles Medwick.

•

Harold Ickes is now coördinator of solid as well as liquid fuels. Any day we will probably hear that we cannot buy coal after 7 P.M.

•

A minor tragedy of the city election was the defeat of Borough President George U. Harvey, who once promised to move to Canada if F.D.R. got a third term. Queens voters are evidently willing to let George do it.

•

Our Navy Department has a queer idea of how to make the customers happy. It intends to report only the other fellow's scores.

•

Moviegoers wonder why the film magnates paid out all that money to the labor racketeers. If they had refused, they would have been saved by the Texas Rangers, the Mounties, and the United States Marines.

•

President Hopkins reports that Dartmouth students have veered away from the isolationist position. It is the old story—youth will be swerved.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

MOTION PICTURES

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
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"Perfect screen job"—John Chapman, *Daily News*
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LOUIS HAYWARD

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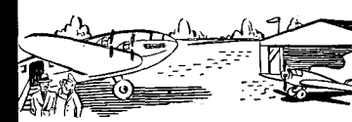

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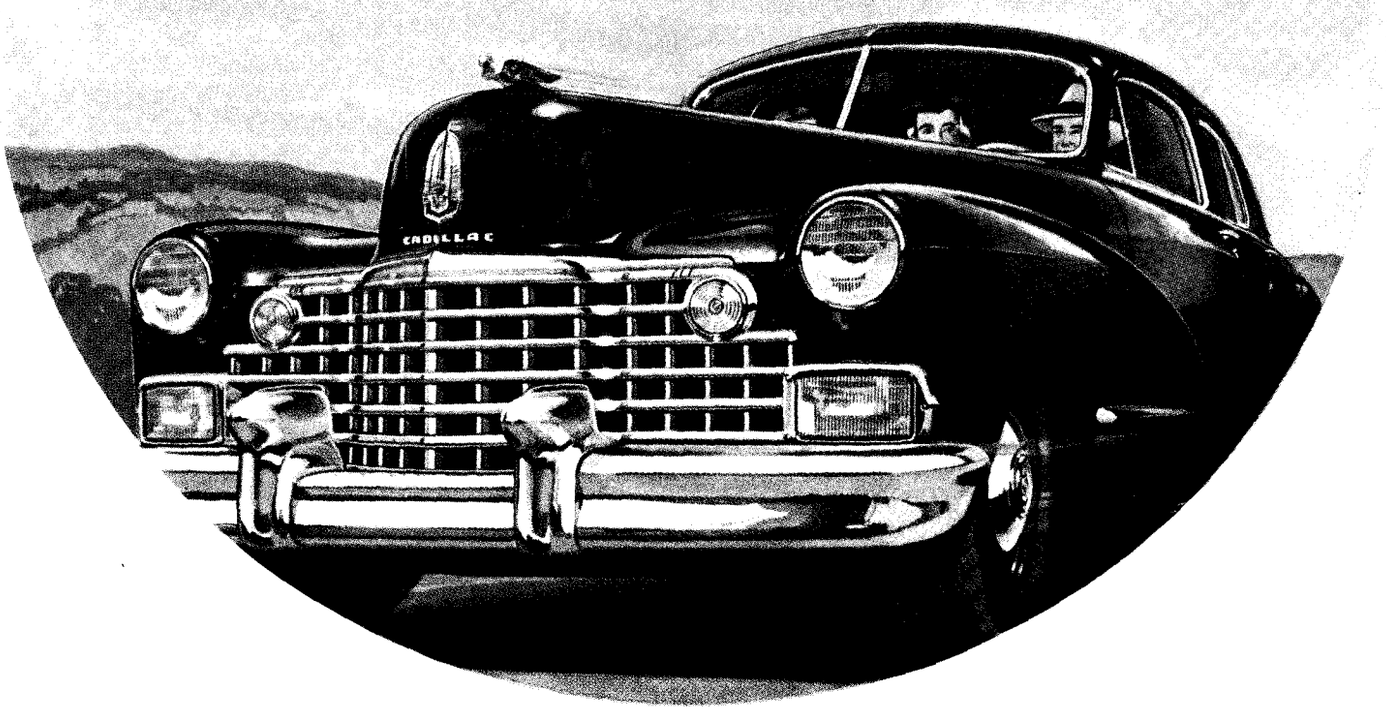
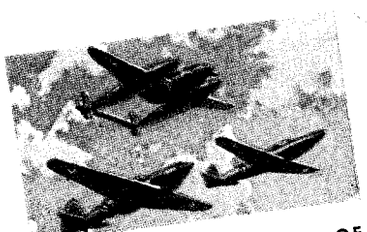
CADILLAC

40TH ANNIVERSARY



Now—YOU CAN THRIFTILY COME UP TO CADILLAC!



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Selected in 1939 to make vital parts for the famed Allison airplane engine, Cadillac has consistently exceeded production schedules.

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And *here it is*. Here is the quality Standard of the World for 1942—powered by Cadillac's mightiest V-8 engine . . . providing unexampled Fleetwood comfort and luxury . . . delivering, on owners' testimony, unsurpassed oil economy and 14 to 17 miles per gallon of gasoline . . . and built by the industry's ablest engineers and craftsmen to specifications which make it as immune to wear as a car can be.

It's the finest Cadillac in forty years, and you can own it! *For the Cadillac Sixty-One again bears a low price,* within the reach of everyone who expects to pay above a thousand dollars for a motor car.

When you think it over—what other car at *any* price can do so much for you?

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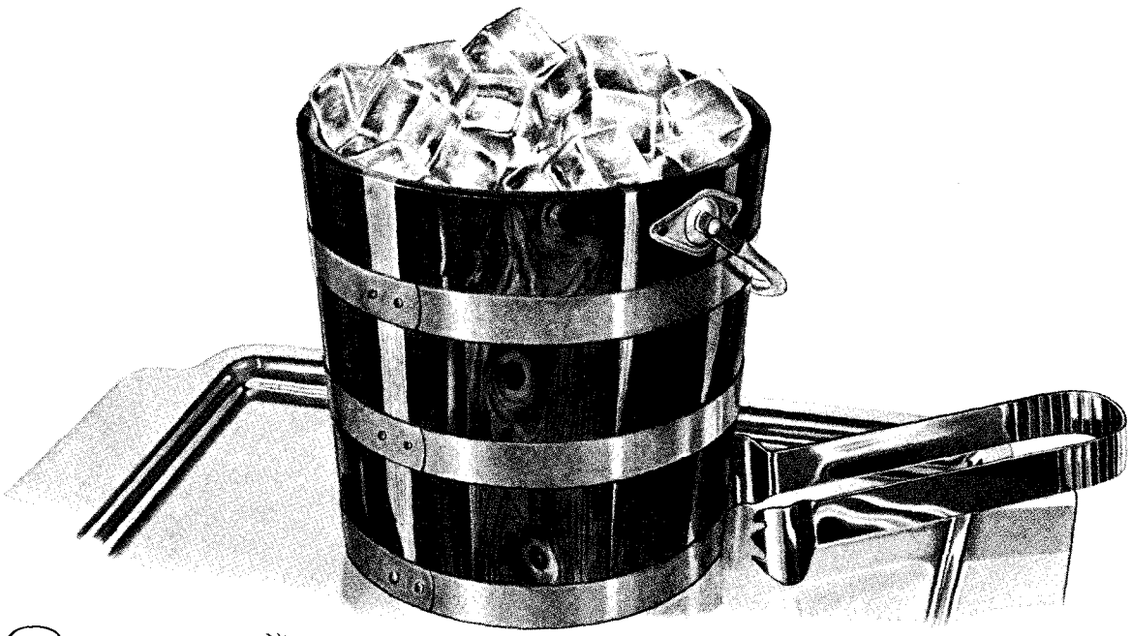
A bucketful of reasons why good drinks need better bubbles!



In other words, Canada Dry Ginger Ale or Sparkling Water!

What happens when ice melts? Two things. Your highball's bubbles sneak a ride right out of your drink on air bubbles escaping from the ice . . . and ice water dilutes what's left.

Outsmart the ice — the way thousands of smart people do.

Use Canada Dry Ginger Ale or Sparkling Water. Their pin-point carbonation — millions of tinier bubbles — *carbonates* melting ice . . . preserves sparkle longer.

For better-tasting drinks keep this "Champagne of Ginger Ales" and "Perfect Club Soda" always on hand.

3 CONVENIENT SIZES— POPULAR PRICES

For a refreshing Collins, use Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer.

For a mouth-watering Rickey, use Canada Dry Lime Rickey.

For a cooling Gin and Tonic, use Canada Dry Quinine Water.

For a perfect Cuba Libre, use Canada Dry Spur.

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CANADA DRY

GINGER ALE
SPARKLING WATER

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did get three of them speaks well of Navy's talent.

Like all specialists on Notre Dame's enormous squad of recruits—a squad which even includes a man whose sole apparent function is to kick off—Bertelli enjoys a pleasant if slightly monomaniac existence. He is not expected to lead interference or back up the line or run with the ball or punt; all he has to do is pass, and since he rarely gets spilled when he's doing this, he is apt to end up a day's work as fresh as he was when he started it. How to cope with him is fortunately not this department's problem.

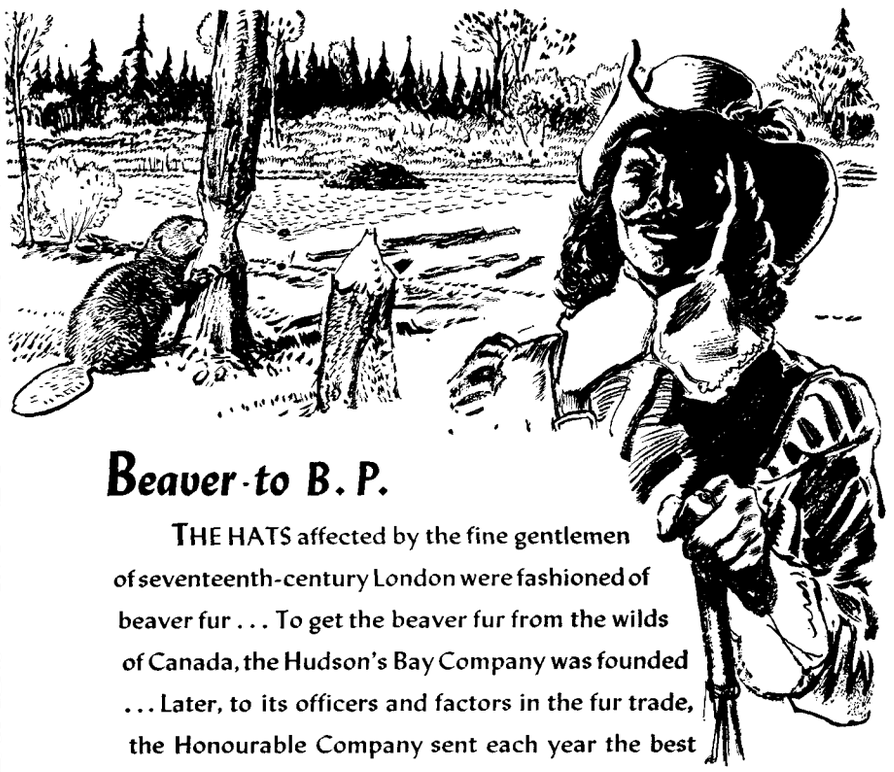
Quite aside from Bertelli's performance, the Navy-Notre Dame game was probably the liveliest match of the season—two really good teams trading punches and not holding back on any of the trick plays they had been working on for weeks. Navy came up with some brand-new plays, mostly successful, and Notre Dame came up with several stunts Frank Leahy brought along from the minor leagues (Boston College was his last year's berth), mostly comical. Once, after a couple of Leahy's gags had lost Notre Dame ten yards apiece, it was rather a relief to see Bertelli drop back, cock the ball behind his right ear, and make up the whole deficit and fifteen yards more with a snap of his arm.

REMARKS TO BE UTTERED SOTTO VOCE: Fordham, the Pride of the Polo Grounds, looked rather comical itself in losing 13–0 to a Pittsburgh team which had not previously shown the slightest intention of winning a game this year. . . . Pennsylvania resorted to extraordinary tactics to kill time in the closing moments of its game with Columbia, beginning with a leisurely thirty-yard run over its own goal, which gave the enemy a safety but still left it three points behind. No one seems to know who thought such a childish performance necessary, but it might be noted that just before the thing started a fresh quarterback was sent in off the bench. . . . Way to Annoy Officials No. 39: In the game with Dartmouth, Lawry, the Princeton back, watched the referee drop his cap at the point where he judged a punt had crossed the sideline, then picked up the cap and moved it upfield three yards to where *he* thought it had gone out. —J. W. L.

•

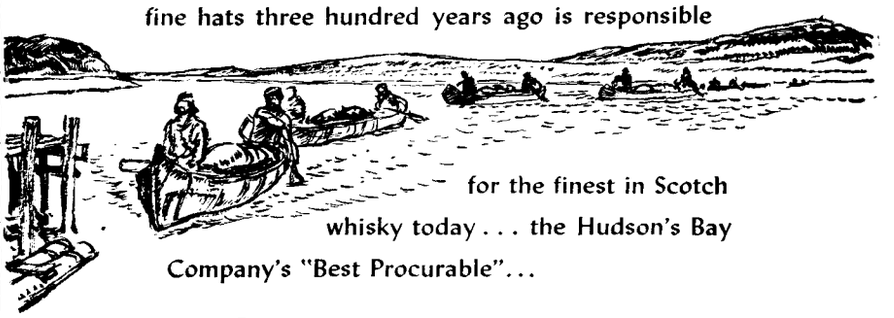
HUBERT BROWN WEDS
ANNA FRANCES QUICK
—*Headline in the Bridgeport Telegram.*

Well, we never liked long engagements ourself.



Beaver to B. P.

THE HATS affected by the fine gentlemen of seventeenth-century London were fashioned of beaver fur . . . To get the beaver fur from the wilds of Canada, the Hudson's Bay Company was founded . . . Later, to its officers and factors in the fur trade, the Honourable Company sent each year the best of the whisky out of Scotland . . . And so famed became the private stock of the fur trade officers that outsiders wanted it . . . Thus the fashion for fine hats three hundred years ago is responsible



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CHANCE

EVERY once in a while you read in the papers about some boys of nineteen or twenty who, with quaint disrespect for Nazi guns and North Sea storms, have fled from Norway to England in little fishing boats. Hundreds of these boys have eventually reached Canada, where they have become members of the Royal Norwegian Air Force. A few days ago, when I was in Toronto, I met one of them, a boy I'll call Einar, and he told me his story.

Einar has just arrived from England. He is living at the Lakeside Home, a reception centre the Norwegian Air Force maintains a half mile outside Toronto. The boys are sent there, usually worn out and bedraggled from their Atlantic voyage and their train trip from Halifax, to rest up and to put in a couple of weeks of preliminary military training before being transferred to Lille Norge (Little Norway), the Norwegian Air Force camp in Toronto. I was taken to see Einar by Mr. John Darnall, an American civilian on the Air Force office staff. Mr. Darnall, a quiet gentleman who wears rich tweeds woven by his wife, retired several years ago from the advertising department of Procter & Gamble in Cincinnati. Shortly afterward he and his wife spent a summer in Norway, fell in love with the country, and brought a Norwegian boy home with them. They sent him through Dartmouth, where he was, inevitably, a skiing champion. A few months ago, when the young man joined the Norwegian Air Force, Mr. Darnall decided he would also volunteer his services. He was put to work handling propaganda, or, as he wishes the Norwegians would call it, public relations.

On our way to the Lakeside Home, Mr. Darnall explained that I would have no trouble talking to Einar, because, like almost all Norwegians, he had learned English, as well as German, at school. At the Home, a collection of ramshackle buildings on the shore of Lake Ontario, we were directed from place to place by grave, courteous boys, who saluted and clicked their heels after almost every sentence. At length we found the captain in charge, a veteran of the Battle of Norway. After we had had coffee with him at the officers' club, Einar, a thick-set lad with wavy blond hair, entered and was introduced. He had been drilling in the yard and was dressed in a khaki uniform cut something like coveralls. The captain, Mr. Darnall, Einar, and I sat down at a table near a window and started to talk.

EINAR was twenty, and up to the time of his escape had been in school, studying to be a forester. He said he had been a Boy Scout and had guided some British Scouts on a tour of Norway some years ago, and the following summer had visited one of the boys in London. "You must know about Norwegian people," said Einar, looking down at his big hands, "what sort of people we are. We never get fair chance to fight. One day we walk along street, next day German in our country. Our army fight very hard sixty-two day, but have so little to fight with. We get no warning. Now every day in our town we see German, and there are Quislings. Understand, Quislings are only one per cent of our people, and someday they will answer to us. The people will punish them.

"The Quislings don't help the Germans as much as the Germans help the Quislings. The Quislings carry clubs and they never walk alone—always two or three Quislings together. They take jobs, like in government and in hospitals, from good and competent people. Sometimes a Norwegian laugh at the Quislings, and at night the Quislings come to his house and beat him until he's dead.

"I have a chum, and my chum and I talk seven or eight month ago about how, if we get a chance, we want to get out from Norway. I didn't tell my family when I left. I tell my girl, and she said she would follow sometime, but I don't think she will." He laughed. "I know a boy who had a chance and he tell his girl and she won't let him go. Next time he gets a chance, he doesn't tell her. I know how my family feel, though. They feel that if I am in England or here, if I am safe, it is better than I am in Norway. Every boy want to escape from Norway except the Quislings."

Einar spoke slowly, looking up from his hands now and then to make sure we understood just how Norwegian boys feel. "We believe it is a duty to go if you get a chance. It is duty, too, to look for a chance. For us, for Norwegian people, the war is never over. We don't stop fighting German. We do

"Pop, can I have the elephant tonight?"

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everything we can to hinder German. Maybe boys at night setting signals for planes coming over and bombing German objectives. Maybe workman putting too much sand in concrete when making barrack or gun nest for German. The men who work on German projects work twenty minutes and rest of day they go real slow. They call that 'twenty minutes for the King, nothing for Hitler.' When the King comes back, all that we build—barracks, place for gun—will be his. The German are making rule that we must stay off streets from nine at night to five in morning, so we are making parties in houses from nine to five. Everybody listen to English radio. Sometimes everybody in the town putting on radio so loud that German hearing radio wherever they go. German walking down street, Norwegian people turn back to them. German asking for direction, nobody answer them. Two days ago I have four-hour leave and I walk along street in Toronto in my uniform. People smiling at me like friend, and I think how German soldier must feel walking down street and nobody looking at him, people hating him.

"One day at my school we have a marvellous fight with the Quislings. They are getting all the honors, and they are changing the courses, and they are running the school, and so we have strike, won't go to school. All day we fight the Quislings in the street. They have blackjacks, and we have hands and maybe stick. All day we fight, and at night the German soldiers come and clear the street with bayonet."

IN midsummer of this year, Einar and his chum, who lived in a medium-sized river town twenty miles from the coast, learned that the Germans were soon going to require anyone leaving there to have a pass. The boys were desperate to escape before that happened. "My chum and I know," he said, "that young people leaving Norway from the west coast, but they do it so carefully that we cannot find out where to go to escape to England. German put up order in our town one day: 'All boy trying to escape will be killed at time and place he is caught.' We think we should go quickly. Finally we take some money we had saved, we put on sporting clothes, take fishing rods, and tell people we go on fishing trip. I tell friend that if I am not back in two weeks to tell my mother and father that I am gone."

Einar and his chum boarded a coastwise passenger steamship which was travelling up and down the fiords and among the islands which dot the west coast of Norway. The boys, dressed in knickers, sweaters, woollen socks, and heavy, hobnailed boots, attracted no more attention than would young men in tweed coats and slacks on an American ferryboat. On the boat they met a Norwegian professor of about fifty and his two companions, men of thirty. The two boys and the three men talked often and, with an odd sort of trustfulness, which, I suppose, springs up in a troubled people, they all confided they were seeking a way out of Norway. The professor had already been in jail once for giving anti-Nazi lectures to his students and was afraid he was about to be thrown in again. The two other men, a surveyor and a lumber dealer, had documents and maps they wanted to deliver in England. The professor had already worked out a plan of escape and he told the others he had arranged to meet a ship off the shore of a certain island on a Friday night. The men got off at one island nearby, the boys at another, and on the Friday night the two parties rowed out to the rendezvous. The ship didn't show up. They tried again the following Tuesday night, and again no boat came. "We don't know what happen," said Einar, "and we decide to try another way."

Most of the hundreds of islands along the Norwegian coast are linked with the mainland and to each other by steamship services and by telephone, and Einar and his chum moved up the coast to another island, and the three men to still another island near it. The two lads stopped at a fisherman's cottage and asked if they could sleep in the barn and eat at the house for a while, offering,

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DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

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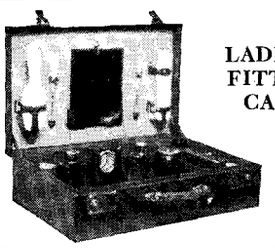

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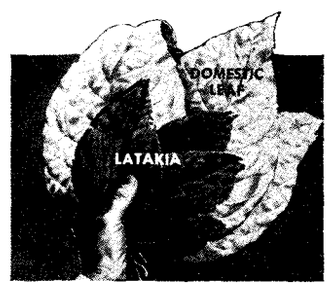
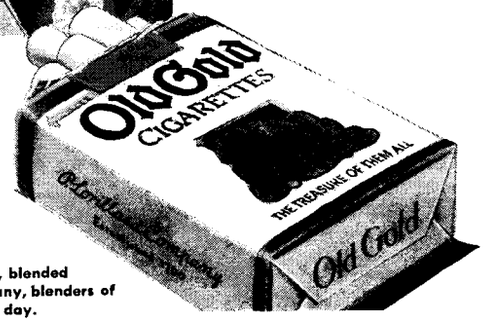


"I've heard of what Latakia does in expensive blends . . . New Old Gold is the first real change in cigarettes in years!" Jack Coble, architect, Greensboro, N.C.

"Even Better than I expected," says Millicent Barr, fashion editor, New York. "The new Old Golds have a new fragrance, new distinctive taste. They have 'class.'"



Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds, blended with Latakia! Made by P. Lorillard Company, blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day.

of course, to pay for their keep. "We stay there," said Einar, "and they never ask us why we are there, what we are doing, what is our names, or where we are from." Every day the boys, carrying their fishing tackle, hiked about the islands, talking to fishermen and occasionally even fishing. In about a week the boys got word from the men by telephone that they had found a fisherman who wanted to go to England and join the British Navy. He would find the party a boat.

Einar and his chum met the fisherman, a fellow of about thirty, and gave him money for their share of the boat and its supplies—oil, herring, canned milk, bread, and sardines—and arranged for a meeting place on the day they would set forth. The boys kept on with their fishing and hiking. Their party grew. The fisherman had some fishermen friends who wanted to go along too. Einar and his chum met three girls, trained nurses who wanted to join the Norwegian forces in England. The islands seem to have been crowded with people who were waiting for a chance to leave, and word of the boat spread from one trusted person to another.

ONE Friday morning, three weeks after the boys had left home, Einar got a phone call from the men, giving him the word that everything was ready. At noon that day, Einar and his chum rowed a mile or so west to a rocky little island about a square mile in area. There they met other members of their party who had rowed out from various islands in groups of two and three. It was a nasty, misty day, with fog billowing over the water. By one o'clock, twenty-seven persons had gathered on the island. There were Einar and his four friends, the fisherman and four of his fishermen friends, eleven other young men who had joined the party, three girls who were the fiancées of three of the fishermen, and the three nurses. The boat they were to use was an open twenty-eight-foot fishing smack with a battered old motor, and the fisherman who had obtained it spent an hour inspecting the fuel-supply line, stowing away the food and oil, and correcting the compass one of the other men had brought. A tiny wheelhouse in the bow was the only shelter. The men spread hay on the bottom of the boat and rigged up a piece of canvas over the afterpart of the craft to provide a little protection from the weather. "We were too many people for the boat," Einar said, "so it was decided to leave the women. But"

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—he gestured helplessly—"they cry, and so we take them. We lie down in bottom of boat, like this." He laced his fingers. "We are like sardine in box."

The party pushed off into a wall of fog at two o'clock. There had lately been few German patrol boats and planes in the neighborhood, so they felt moderately safe. They were half an hour out when they heard an airplane roaring through the mist. Everybody except three of the fishermen dived underneath the canvas, and those three, tugging at ropes and leaning over the side, gave a fair imitation of men handling fishnets. The plane came directly above, and the fishermen could see the swastikas on it. The plane did not circle back over them.

For the first few hours the sea was rough, as the North Sea nearly always is, but the little boat rode the battering waves satisfactorily. There were sickening drops and sickening ascents, but no one minded. "We like it bad weather," said Einar, "because it not easy then for plane to spot us when we are up and down in waves. Everybody was sick except the fishermen. They take care of us. They handle boat and come look after us. We eat maybe one sardine the whole day. No more."

When Einar and his companions weren't crawling to the sides of the boat, they huddled together in misery while the fishermen nursed the little vessel through the tumbling gray water. Then, when they were about six hours out, a vicious, screaming North Sea storm broke. Two men held the tiller, one stood by the motor, and three others, including Einar, knelt at a hand pump in the centre of the boat, lifting the handles up and down, their hands blistered, pain gouging at their backs. Hours passed, and the storm continued. There was no sharp sense of the passage of time; it was like days in a hospital, all pain and horror, with no clear chronology. "We have no hope," said Einar. "We know we are going down. No panic. Nothing. We are too tired, too sick, too cold. Once, maybe the second day, maybe the third, when it was not yet dark, a German destroyer come by. It slow up for us. We can see men looking at us. We wave. They see us, but they go by. They know we are going to sink, so why should they pick us up?"

Toward dusk of the third day, Einar and his companions saw land. Soon afterward they put in at a coastal village in Scotland. Most of them were too weak to rise from the boat. People at the dock helped them out. Five minutes after the last passenger had been lifted out the

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3 dashes Angostura Bitters
Stir with cracked ice
Strain and serve

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waterlogged little boat sank. "It go down—glunk," he said. On the dock, the Norwegians were guarded, as well as questioned, by police, but the people crowded about them, tossed them cigarettes, brought them tea and brandy, and wrapped them in blankets. "One old woman come up," Einar said, "and stare at me, and then she say, 'Good boy, good boy.' "

EINAR looked up from his hands and smiled in a relieved way, almost as if he had just made the trip to Scotland all over again. "They treat us nice," he said. "We stay in Scotland three days, until the police say they have checked up on us and it is all right for us to go to England." In England, Einar was examined by Norwegian authorities, judged fit for the air service, and sent to Canada for training. His chum joined the Free Norwegian Navy.

"You must understand," he said, "Norway is a country where we think peace. We have peace movement in school. We teach the world peace. Our old people look on German and they can't understand how such a man can be. They look on him with, maybe, pity. We young people, we learn to hate German. We do not leave Norway because Norway is too bad. We leave so we can go back and drive German out."

Einar looked up at us again, as if to say he had come to the end of his story.

—MARK MURPHY

•

The ushers were Walter F. Engel Jr., Thomas Hanson, George Holbrock, and Harold Sager. They were dressed in rose colored taffeta with velveteen jackets and bows and carried rose colored dahlias.

—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Clowning it, probably.

•

"Remember Tomorrow" has been retitled "Dangerously They Live," while "Bridges Built at Night," which had temporarily acquired the "Dangerously They Live" title, has become "Steel Against the Sky."—*The Times.*

Would you mind repeating that just once more?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From "Season's Greetings," by Herbert Clyde Lewis*]

She turned as slowly as the hour hand of a clock, and her misty eyes, resting like the meat in a sandwich between baggy pockets and shaggy brows, drank in with the dogged insistence of a confectionery straw the life that circled around her.

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WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS, CAN'T WE?

SITTING at a window table in the scarlet, gold, and mirrored splendor of Longchamps, Austin had worked his way through a Martini and most of an evening paper while waiting for Janice.

He was thinking about a second Martini when she entered from Thirty-fourth Street and came smiling toward him. "So sorry I'm late, darling," she said.

Austin made the conventional pretense of rising from his chair as she sat down. "That's all right," he said. "I had the paper to read."

They hadn't seen each other in three or four months, and he looked at her curiously. She was wearing a sports hat and a tweed suit which were all new to him but still familiar. There was something changeless about Janice—about the too candid look of her eyes, the pseudo wholesomeness of her appearance. She sat very straight and primly, and flashed him a smile as she put her bag and gloves on the table.

Austin suddenly felt that he was not going to be able to cope with Janice this evening. "Martini?" he asked.

She nodded, and Austin called a waiter and gave the order. "Two dry Martinis, please—lemon peel, no olive."

There was a pause as they both nibbled peanuts from a dish on the table; then Austin said, "You're looking well."

This was rewarded with a demure glance. "Thank you."

"How's the job going?"

"Well, they haven't fired me yet."

Their Martinis were served and Austin looked moodily at the olive in his and considered sending it back. Then he thought, "Oh, what the hell! This is no time to be skirmishing with waiters." He raised his glass to Janice and saw that she was giving him her wide-eyed, appealing stare; it was her naïve-wonder act and it had always irritated him. Almost all of Janice's acts irritated him, and he wondered what she was going to be today. Janice the simple girl from the Midwest, Janice the understanding pal, or Janice the mystic. He hoped it wouldn't be the mystic, because then she sounded like a bad digest of Buchmanism and early-Victorian homilies. "I'm not sure what's the right procedure," he said. "Do we postpone all discussion until after the first drink or do we plunge right in?"

She laughed lightly. "Whichever you want, Austin."

Ah, he thought, it's Janice the understanding pal. "I saw your lawyer yesterday," he said.

She nodded and her unblinking eyes were focussed on the bridge of his nose.

"Well," Austin went on, "I told him we'd been getting nowhere, that when I'd given you money for Reno you'd got no further than St. Paul, and that when we tried temporary alimony you seemed to get sunk in lethargy and didn't get along with the divorce."

Her smile was fragile and self-reproving. "I know. I just don't seem to have much interest in getting it started," she said.

"Yes—" He broke off as a tall, high-hipped hostess served them codfish balls, and he waited until Janice had made her selection. Then he said, "Your lawyer agreed with me that a flat sum, payable after the divorce is granted, was probably the answer. Say six thousand dollars, and, of course, I'll take care of the divorce costs and legal fees."

Janice munched her fish ball prettily and, prettily, said "Oops!" as a piece crumbled in her fingers.

"Is that all right with you?" Austin asked.

"Of course, darling. If you want a divorce, I'll go ahead with it."

He let his breath out ever so slightly. "Swell, Janice. We've had so many false starts it'll be pleasant to have it over with."

She nodded. "Actually, I'm very hurt because you want the divorce so much more than I do," she said playfully.

"Now, Janice—"

"But you do, you know."

He gestured vaguely. "We've been separated nearly three years and it seems silly to be dragging along like this. We don't want or need each other, so let's make a clean break—"

"But why do you want a clean break right now?" she asked.

"It isn't right now. It'll be six months or a year before the divorce is final. And we've both wanted a divorce before."

"Oh, we didn't really want one terribly," Janice said. "I mean not terribly enough to go through with it."

"But you always lost interest."

"Yes," she said, "but you must have, too. You didn't *make* me get a divorce those other times."

He began to feel his old sense of frustration. "How could I?" he asked.

"Oh, you could have if you'd wanted to bad enough," she said.

Austin watched her warily.

"I don't mind being married," she said. "In a way, I rather like it." Smiling, she added, "It keeps me from doing silly things—from getting married again, for example."

"Oh," said Austin.

"And I'll bet it's been good for you, too," she told him archly. "I'll bet you'd be married now if we'd gotten a divorce."

"I haven't anything against the institution of marriage," Austin said. "I hear favorable reports about it all the time."

"Neither have I. That's why I like being married," Janice said, with a little laugh.

"Now, look, Janice, if you just want to offer a few philosophic comments on marriage, all right, but—"

"But what?"

"It's not unlikely that both of us are going to want to get married again sooner or later, so why shouldn't we be free to do it?" Austin said.

"I don't want to get married again. Do you?"

"Why, sure, of course I do, sometime."

"But not now?"

He looked at her and looked away. He thought, "God! I've let myself get patsied into this. She's heard about Ann. I might have known she would." Then he said, "Yes. I want to get married now."

Janice looked entranced. "How *nice* for you, Austin! How really swell! Is it Carol?"

"No, it's not Carol."

"Well, I'm glad. I'm glad Carol's not getting you. Who is the lucky girl, darling?"

He winced and ground out his cigarette. "She isn't anyone you know, Janice."

"Is she pretty? What does she do?"

"You don't want to hear pleasantries about Ann," he began.

"Of course I do. I've heard a little about her already. Someone said she had big feet—but then all tall girls have big feet, I think, don't you?"

Stony-faced, he took the olive from his glass and ate it.

"Really, I'm interested," said Janice. "You were always so lucky about falling in love. Is she a friend of Carol's?"

"No."

"Well, that's too bad. It might be

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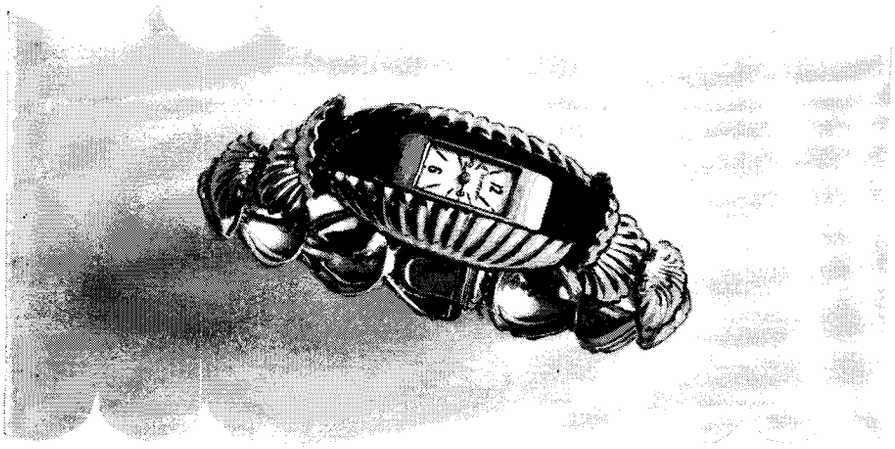

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easier for her if she was a friend of Carol's—Carol never did like me, you know."

AUSTIN lit another cigarette, then tried unsuccessfully to hail a waiter.

"None of your friends liked me, really," Janice said.

"I haven't any friends."

"Well, they *say* they're your friends."

He tried desperately to get off the merry-go-round. "Will you give your lawyer the go-ahead tomorrow?"

Janice looked troubled. "Honest, Austin, I don't see how I can," she said.

"Why not, for God's sake?"

"I can't give you a divorce for just six thousand. It would have to be more than that, Austin."

He waved a hand. "But you just said —you just agreed—"

She smiled sadly. "But, Austin, that was before I knew you wanted a divorce to marry someone else."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, it's simple. If you really love this girl, you should be willing to make sacrifices for her."

"But, my God, Janice, you know what I make. You know I'll have to go in hock for the six thousand."

"Didn't you get your raise?"

"No."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Austin. You got two raises while we were married, remember? I used to bring you good luck, didn't I?"

"Damn it, Janice, what do you want?" he said.

She shrugged. "I don't want anything. But if *you* want a divorce, I think I should get more than six thousand."

"How much more?"

"Why, I don't know—eight thousand, I suppose. That's not much more, is it?"

"A settlement of eight thousand when the divorce is final?"

"Well, not just that. I think you should pay me a weekly alimony until the divorce comes through."

Austin's face began to get red. "We tried that once and the divorce action never got on the calendar," he

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said. "How do I know that won't happen this time?"

"You'll just have to trust me, I guess. Of course, I'm awfully slow about things like that. It just seems to be the way I am."

"Well, I'm damned if I'll—"

"Darling!" she said. "Not so loud. Remember, pet, you're the one who wants the divorce. I don't care one way or the other."

He pushed his chair back from the table. "Listen," he said. There was a quaver in his voice.

"It's six-thirty, Austin!" Janice cried. "I've got to run. Really I do." She stood up and gathered together her bag and gloves. "Thanks for the drink, and let me know what you decide, won't you, darling? Goodbye, now." She patted his arm lightly, then walked swiftly toward the door.

—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

•

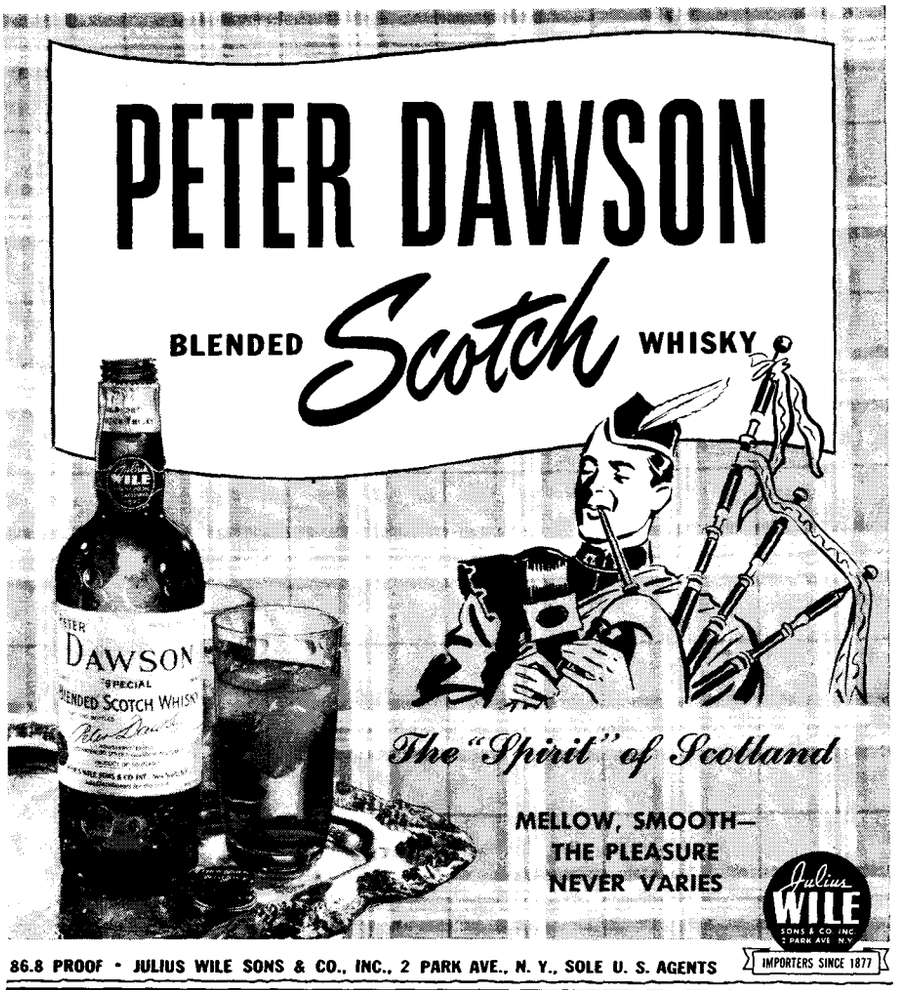
SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

[From "A Jalopy Breakfast," by Hildegarde L. Meeker, in the American Home]

The prettiest girl in the neighborhood just *may* be a little horror if caught early in the morning minus her lipstick, powder, and fancy hair-do. And maybe Mrs. White, always a picture of tailored, precise perfection, looks a little grim in that old faded housecoat. I hope so, because that's what makes a Jalopy Breakfast fun. The point is to assemble your friends at their worst, serve breakfast at a table decked out in the spirit of wash day or the weekly cleaning spree, and laugh at each other until you're as limp as any dish cloth.

Take off about nine in the morning (put a nightie on over your house dress, your sport coat over all, and look as funny as possible, for exaggeration for gay effect is perfectly permissible). Borrow Junior's jalopy instead of the family car and ring the back doorbell of your best friend's house. When she answers, show her a card saying, "You're invited to a Jalopy Breakfast—and you must come just as you are. Prizes for most stocking runs and hair curlers; forfeits for putting on lipstick, taking off apron." Keep going until you've rounded up all your friends—a motley collection of faded dresses, hair curlers, and stockings saved for scrubbing the kitchen floor. . . .

Until brunch is served, at about 11:15 so the mothers can get home before their children come home for lunch, you won't have any trouble amusing your guests. They'll do that, between many screams of laughter. You need only have a few prizes; sheer hose for the lady with the most runs, a tiny glass slipper for the girl with the time-worn shoes, a lipstick or compact for the one who looks most like a ghost, nail polish for your friend who had to come wearing rubber gloves. Have each guest step up to receive her prize. And next time you make a surprise, early-morning call, I bet she'll look like a million!



BIG DOINGS LAST NIGHT!
Feels chipper today!
HOW ?
Last night he saw to it that his highballs were mixed with White Rock.
Before going to bed and again in the morning, he had a glass of plain White Rock.
Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.
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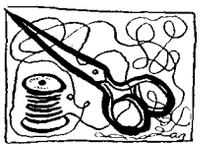
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THE public is prone to forget that the great tradition of the French couture rested on a more solid artistic foundation than the mere introduction of Shocking pink in one season or an attempt to foist the Eugénie hat upon the world in another. Every new collection, it's true, used to include its share of fireworks designed primarily as talking points for the press, since publicity was, of course, as profitable to Balenciaga and to the makers of his "original fabrics" as it is to any movie star. Sometimes the vast United States public adored the stunt clothes, and adopted them, sometimes it rejected them, at all times it talked about them. On the other hand, chic has always depended upon something that completely avoids obvious tricks. Every couturier who rose to the top in Europe had an individual style in his work which was as distinctive as that of a Picasso or a George Gershwin in his. Each season this style showed new growth and development in inevitable directions. Art, it seems, is like that. Art is a point of view. As a result, women of the world, all studying their own type carefully, were able to decide early whether Molyneux or Vionnet or Schiaparelli was best suited to their particular needs, and thereafter every season went to Molyneux or Vionnet or Schiaparelli for the newest version of things that were typical of the designer of their choice.

WE have designers of the same calibre in the United States, and slowly they are being discovered by discerning people who in Paris used to buy a few agonizingly simple little dresses and suits and live happily in them for years. Muriel King, 59 East 52nd Street, is one who has been a pet of these connoisseurs, to such an extent that this autumn she hasn't had time to make a collection of models. Nobody handles silk bengaline and braid trimmings in a modern-Victorian mood better than she does. Her informal dinner and cocktail dresses this season have tight, rather long-waisted basque tops and moderately full gathered skirts that end between thirteen and fifteen inches from the floor. The tops are likely to be in a light, frivolous color or to have decoration which makes them look dressy at a dinner table; the skirts are dark, so that, with the addition of a fur jacket, they don't look at all formal for the street. Nobody else is doing anything like them.

Lost members of the international set, however, are going to King not so much because of special things like this but because she makes clothes in which every seam has a purpose, every bit of decoration a reason. Her clothes have an individuality that makes the label unnecessary, and old customers find themselves ordering new versions of the same thing season after season. Therefore they simply browse through sketches and look over materials and decide on what they need without any apparent desire to see the dress they have ordered on a mannequin, who as likely as not isn't their type at all anyway.

ZOE DE SALLE, at 18 East 53rd Street, has this undatable and distinctive quality too. Her style is an impudent one; little-girl types, for instance, find that nobody else can make a cape that is quite so insolent. She comes forth with some frankly absurd ideas; for one, one of her cocktail dresses—a shirtwaist affair in silver lamé with a housewife's apron of taupe velveteen. With her customers, though, such things are a side issue. People come because she seems able to make a waist appear incredibly tiny, or cut a dolman sleeve with almost none of that top-heavy look, or make a wide skirt with huge éclat, or, for a detail, place a big button at the front of a collarless neck aggressively. If her style suits you—and it can suit many besides the flippant—you'll be content in one of her dresses for a long time to come.

De Salle still has quantities of imported materials, enough to last her for a year at least. Matelassé gray satin,

"I'm afraid this is a little too patriotic."

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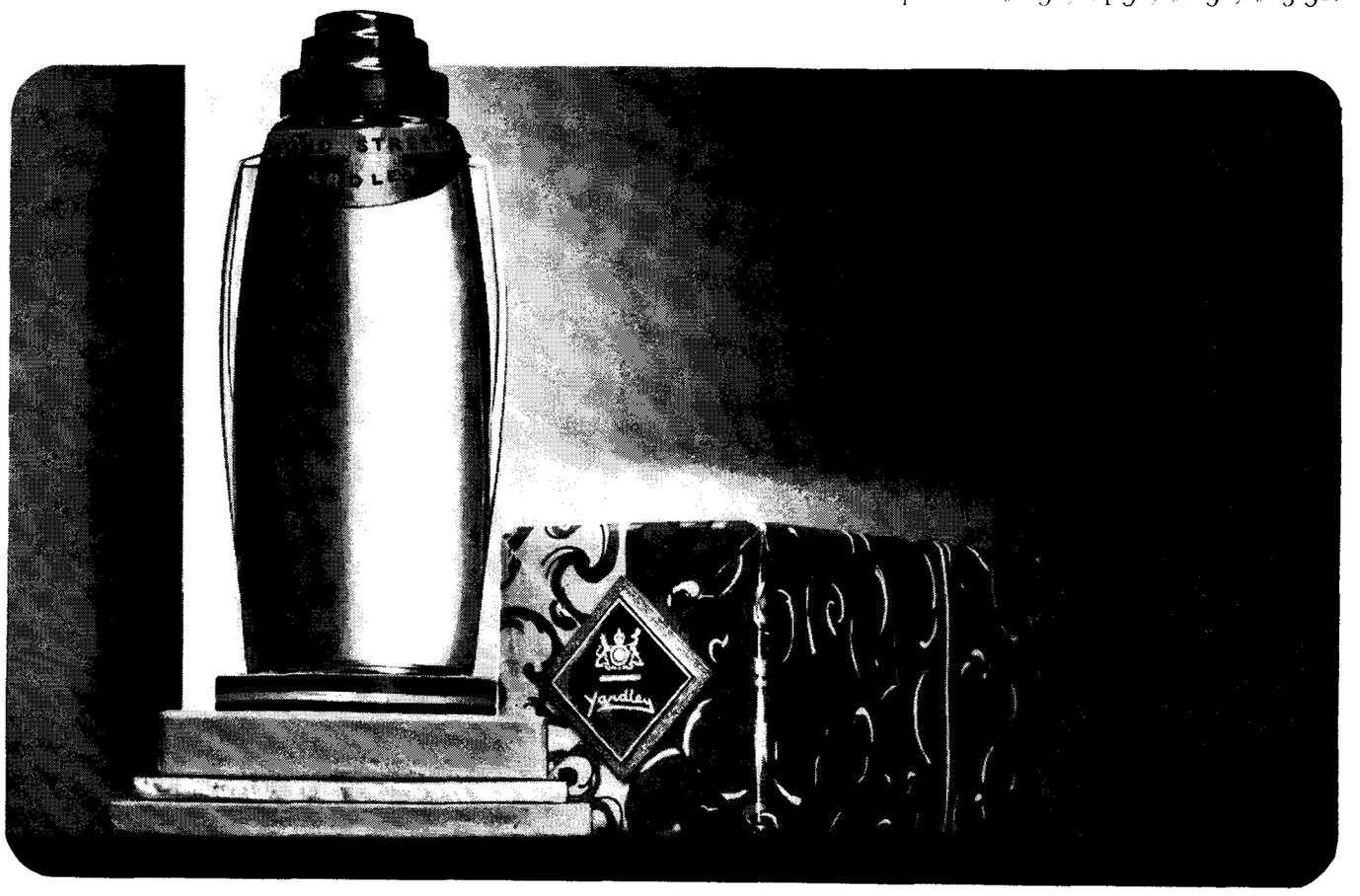
"Bond Street"

symbol of sovereign grace . . . a noble perfume brilliantly endowed with grace and majesty evoking precious memories. . . . At once courtly and provocative, with infinite distinction and with a flair for perfect moments. "Bond Street" Perfume may be purchased in the original wrappings only, at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, and at all finer shops. . . . $2.50, $4.50, $8.50, $13.50.



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A Perfume by Yardley

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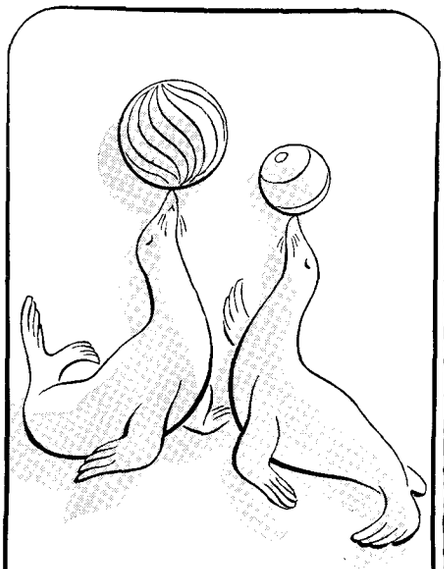

Trained seals are swell on stage... but on Catsup look for these seals:

PACKED UNDER CONTINUOUS INSPECTION THE U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

U. S. GRADE A FANCY OFFICIALLY CERTIFIED BY THE U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

You'll find them on Ritter Tabasco*-flavored Catsup, packed under the keen eye of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, guaranteed U. S. Grade A Fancy. You will add your own Seal of Enthusiastic Approval when you taste the rare intriguing flavor. The secret is the touch of genuine Tabasco*. It's truly tantalizing. Just try it!

RITTER Tabasco*-Flavored CATSUP

P. J. RITTER COMPANY
BRIDGETON . NEW JERSEY

Fine Foods since 1854

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beautiful soft lamé brocades, wool that slips through your fingers like silk—the Age of Ersatz has its points, but these fabrics will make you homesick for the good old dizzy days that we never suspected were leading to chaos.

IN the way of accessories, we Americans can all point with pride to the handbags of Miss Penn at Jaeckel, for there are many fastidious women who would rather have a five-year-old Penn treasure relined and refurbished than buy the best five-dollar novelty ever created. There is nothing to say about her evening or cocktail handbag of black antelope with a gate frame of the finest marcasite and a silver chain handle; nothing to say, that is, except that it always looks perfect. It's $125, and more spectacular frames of imitation jewels look very parvenu beside it. Her custom bags start at $15; one at this price is a non-shedding suède pouch with hand cross-stitching and a zipper top; like many others, it can be matched with one-button French doeskin gloves at $7.50. You'll also admire a wonderful travelling or busy-woman envelope purse in calf and morocco, with five deep, neatly labelled compartments, that opens outward like a briefcase. It's $49.50.

THINGS like the foregoing are expensive but are considered a good investment by many women of limited means. To get into a brisker, more of-the-moment field, I take you now to Altman, which is currently showing some of the best-looking ski clothes of the decade. There is a one-piece affair of black gabardine that resembles a mechanic's overalls; it zips in front and has tapering trousers, hand-stitched to simulate a crease; $69.95. There are two-piece getups for people who take their winter sports less seriously, such as one in white gabardine with a long, fitted jacket that has a green yoke continuing into green sleeves; it fastens with silver-metal buttons, is lined with rose-printed cotton, and costs $39.95. A mannish fitted jacket of white whipcord with square shoulders and a fly front has zippered pockets. You are supposed to wear it for active sports with tapering pants in black, navy, or slate-blue gabardine, but you will covet it for general wear with sports skirts, too. The coat is $35, the pants are $10.95. See also a white, full-length cape made of curly lamb with red velveteen scrolls around the slits for the hands and a red wool lining; $125.

For evening wear at ski resorts, look at the Ballerino of California suit in black velveteen, which consists of a short fitted jacket with flower-trimmed felt revers, minute red-and-green felt epaulets to make its broad shoulders seem even broader, and slender pants; $35, and they throw in a red wool-jersey shirt. Another one for lounging consists of a long, white fleece tunic coat which fastens with three huge self buttons, black velveteen slacks that come up high to give you a slender waist, and a cummerbund with flower embroidery; $46.90.

A broken elbow the first time out is the extent of my skiing experience, but experts tell me that skiers can go as far as they like in their selection of gay, novel, and carefree costumes for the sport; there aren't the rigid rules that tie you down when you pick out a riding habit, for instance. *But* they also tell me that the amateur can be an object of derision if his or her boots aren't absolutely right, and that the ski boots which Altman has for both men and women at $32.50 cannot be topped anywhere. The experts I consulted weren't on the Altman sales force, either. —L. L.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE old strength is rapidly returning to our knees. In our starter last week we eased into the task of setting you on the right track for your holiday shopping by discussing gifts in these relatively simple categories:

Christmas cards
Stationery and playing cards
Handkerchiefs

Now, warmed up to the job, we're back with a list of suggestions in that very nearly all-inclusive field of things for people's homes, a field in which, probably more than in any other, the right choice brings rejoicing and a slip means only groans.

For the House

AFTER poking around through half a hundred shops, we have reached the conclusion that this is going to be a great year for antiques, owing to the fact that there seem to be so many more good ones around than in the past. Because of this, we have stepped up our emphasis on such treasures in the list below, though not, of course, to the exclusion of new things of glitter and gaiety. So as not to stagger you, we've done our best to hold the selections down to a rock-bottom minimum of only the best, but even so, there's quite a lot to

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get through. Hoping to simplify things, we have therefore split up the shops into two more or less arbitrary groups—big and not so big.

For better or worse, then, here goes, with the big ones first:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: That mushrooming craze for old shaving mugs bearing the names of hirsute ancients is followed up here with modern reproductions inscribed in gold leaf with any name you say; $5. Crystal decanters cut with a thistle design for Scotch and a sheaf of rye for rye; $5 each. What appears to be a leather-covered volume called "The Care and Feeding of Books" is really a kit box holding equipment for keeping a home library in condition—cement, tape, and all; $5. Miniature copies of old, painted-iron, jockey hitching posts mounted as bookends; $20, and it costs but $1 extra to have each figure painted with some horsy family's racing colors.

ALTMAN: Antiquities, antiquities, antiquities. In the 18th Century Shop, old wood boxes, handsomely restored and velvet-lined, are just the thing to hold junk jewelry, especially the chunky kind; $12.95 to $75. *Cachepots* and garnitures for the antique-porcelain collector start at $110. Don't miss the old one-of-a-kind fans, perfect for mantel decorations, among them one with delicately carved ivory sticks and Belgian lace; $20.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: In the new Gift Shop: An early-morning breakfast set of English pottery is handsome in copper lustre on cream; $10. Pastel silk marquisette breakfast-tray cloths with hearts-and-flowers designs are as pretty as lace valentines; $8.50, with two napkins. A Sheraton mahogany velvet-lined fitted box in excellent condition, holding six gilt-touched liqueur bottles, a small tray, and a glass; $85. A wooden shuttle used by weavers long ago is fixed up to hang on the wall and hold trailing vines; $3.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM: They go demurely gay with cups and saucers of flowery-patterned Royal Cauldron ware that have "Mother" and "Father" inscribed on them in gold in a fine Spencerian hand ($3.50 each), and fortune-telling teacups of English china—green, pink, or lavender outside and covered with prophetic symbols within ($3, with an instruction book, if you feel the need of it). In more serious vein, an eighteen-inch mirror-top Lazy Susan, with a silver rim and a ball-bearing base, stands just half an inch above the table on which you set it and can be used to hold centrepieces; $27.50.

BLOOMINGDALE: Big excitement here over the Mystery Clock (electric, for A.C.); the mystery is what makes the apparently unattached hands move; $25, in chromium and crystal. Brazilian bent-glass centrepiece bowls—large, shallow, and wavily scalloped—have lush tropic designs painted against black backgrounds; $14.98. Those modern Organic Design chairs that all but wrap themselves around you start at $49.50.

BONWIT TELLER: In the Corner Cupboard, late-Victorian children's mugs

Gunther has both
Below, Natural Timber Wolf from the Budget Fur Shop $295
Three quarter length coat of Natural Stone Marten $2475

If you are planning a Christmas gift or completing your winter fur wardrobe, remember Gunther has not only the finest sables, mink, ermine and other precious furs, but a complete Budget Shop collection of fur coats and jackets of Gunther quality and fashion—many well under $200.

Gunther

666 FIFTH AVENUE at 53rd STREET, NEW YORK

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The IRIDIUM ROOM
PRESENTS
DOROTHY LEWIS
STAR OF REPUBLIC PICTURES' "ICECAPADES"
in
"ADVENTURES ON ICE"
with
Harriette Haddon • Lucille Lamarr
Norah Gale • Bernice Stewart
Bob Tobin and Bob Duffy
HAL SAUNDERS and his orchestra
Dinner • Supper • Dancing
At luncheon ... MAXIMILLIAN
and his ensemble

THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVE., AT 55th ST.

In Jars FARM PACKED Sliced ...READY TO SERVE
Tender young turkeys . . . roasted to a golden brown . . basted the good old fashioned way; the light and dark pieces vacuum sealed in glass jars with pan juices filling the chinks between slices, keeping them moist and savory. Serve hot or cold. Another treat is Folly Farm Turkey Noodle Soup—rich true turkey broth, every spoonful holding flavorsome tidbits. Also from our own farm kitchens comes the turkey's frame trimmings mixed with giblets, broth, and seasonings, making our delicious Turkey Sandwich Spread.
Order this economical introductory case direct from the farm—
IDEAL FOR GIFTS
3 jars Roasted Sliced Turkey, large size
3 jars Roasted Sliced Turkey, handy size
3 jars Turkey Sandwich Spread
3 jars Turkey Noodle Soup, large size
Above 12 jar Special only $7.86 shipped prepaid. Just send check or money order to Ed Morse, Folly Turkey Farm, Trevor, Wisconsin.

CAREFREE HOUSEKEEPING
in the Residential Wing. Relax
this Winter in a sunny suite
2-3 Rooms—Kitchenettes
HOTEL New Weston
31 EAST 49th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

with sledding and boat-sailing scenes are good for holding cigarettes or small flowers, and charming at $3.95. Hand-blown ruby, blue, or greenish clear beer glasses with handles are $15 a dozen and as handsome as can be. Fabulously beautiful service plates in dulled gold or silver, decorated with a lone, glamorous orchid in each centre; $12.50 apiece. Plaster Mae Westian angels wearing formal dress or nighties are $2.50 each and by far the most robust, if not most Christmasy, of the current angel crop.

DAVIS COLLAMORE, 7 East 52nd: Spode and Derby cigarette boxes bearing hand-painted hunt scenes, with matching ash-trays; $13.50 and $16.25. Crystal salad plates that have handsome floral cut patterns and are especially good when salad is served as a first course; $25 a dozen. A nice little crystal condiment set of mustard pot, salt- and pepper-shakers, and a lipped bottle for a meat sauce, all on an oval glass tray; $4.50.

FLINT & HORNER, 66 West 47th: For the hall or phone closet, a mahogany telephone wall rack with a tooled-leather top and shelves below for directories; $12.50. Mahogany hanging shelves, glass-enclosed and mirror-backed, with locking doors; $21.50. A revolving tilt table with a shell-pattern edge, hand-made and craftsmanlike; $79.50.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, 145 East 57th: Still strong on music-box attachments, among them a non-drip chromium-plated widget that fits any liquor bottle and gives out with "How Dry I Am" while the spirits flow; $5.95. A leather-covered cigarette box with a miniature backgammon board inlaid in its lid and a compartment holding tiny dice and men; $10. The Frostmaster is an electric-clock arrangement which keeps an eye on the icebox and defrosts it for cooks who forget; $10.95, for A.C. only.

GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Look what's grown out of the family-album idea: a cedar-lined leather box to keep those photographs which will embarrass Junior in years to come; $45. Embroidered Marghab linen place doilies—round, thank goodness—with matching finger-bowl doilies and napkins; $70 a set for eight places. A superb folding coffee table provides a circular surface forty inches across and immune to liquor and heat; $55 in Cuban mahogany, dark or natural.

LEWIS & CONGER: Handy whatnots, such as an outdoor, night-and-day thermometer with a luminous dial ($3). Miraculous pillows to ease the nights of your insomniac friends: the Cutaway, with a crescent-shaped bite out of one side to make it nestle around the neck ($5.95); the Stay-Plump, with five layers of goose down and feathers stitched into several compartments so it will live up to its name ($6.95). And so on.

LORD & TAYLOR: For some theatre-struck person with a flair for the past, the antiques department shows a pair of old prints portraying a couple of early English stage characters in garments bedizened with actual tinsel-paper jewelry; $67.50, framed. Big, old English barometers (from $75), and many candlesticks, mostly Empire and Regency (around $75 a pair). William Pahlmann's three-foot-square coffee table done in antiqued mirror glass and gilt wood; $150.

MACY: Find your way to the Corner Shop, where you can hunt with relative ease for such antique decorations as tiny china boxes shaped like dressers or commodes and topped with suitable miniature accessories ($5 to $12) and trinket boxes of old lacquer with drawers and fine decorations ($69.95). Silver safety-matchbox holders, mounted with old gold, gold-filled, or silver trinkets—small brooches, stickpin tops, earrings—are charming and unusual; $3.50 to $5.

MCCREERY: Fun with cottagey decorations in the new Salt Box Shop: a Vermont rocking horse with a moplike mane is fixed so it won't rock and wears a bright-red table top where the saddle should be; $5.50, and equally good for cocktails or a child's room. Tinkling, brass-mounted table bells made from minute porcelain liqueur cups ($3); copies of old pill bottles, with grape patterns chased on cranberry-colored glass, to hold assorted vitamin tablets or whatever ($1.50 up).

MCCUTCHEON: Table linens in the best tradition. A cloth and eight napkins of the heaviest Irish linen damask, all hand-hemmed, are a perfect, gleaming foil for fine china; $39.50, in eggshell (monogramming takes a week). These look like Trends: oversized Continental-type linen sheets, 3 by 3¼ yards ($65 a pair, hand-hemstitched), and Continental-type linen pillowcases, great square things buttoning in back, with wide, hemstitched borders mitred at the corners ($12.50 a pair).

OVINGTON: Miniature silver pieces, such as Paul Revere bowls (after the design of you know who) to be used as salt cups ($11 for a set of four, gilt-lined, with spoons), and wine-coolers for cigarettes ($6.60 a pair). Small, glass-enclosed pickled-pine wall cabinets for precious *bibelots*; $10 to $17.50, all with mirrored backs. Lucite, transparent as ever, makes a double inkstand with a quill-shaped penholder; $30, and one of the more attractive uses for this ubiquitous plastic.

PLUMMER, 695 Fifth Avenue (54th): For this and future Christmas tables: Spode plates decorated with a spray of mistletoe and the Tree itself, blazingly trimmed ($24 a dozen), and crystal goblets enamelled with the same design (same price). A three-pronged English roast-holder for the holiday bird is a copy of a Victorian design; $5, with silver-plated handle. English punch bowls for hot brews are cheering things, es-

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pecially one of Wedgwood with the celebrated grape border; $22. Small tankard-shaped pitchers of fine crystal make nice highball-tray fixtures for guests who like water with their whiskey; $7.50 and $9.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: In the Bar Shop: modern reproductions of milk glass, a new love in dinnerware and tray services, appear in a fluted-edged breakfast-tray service for one; $16. Oval linen place mats in white and colors, with wide borders of white Irish crochet, and plain rectangular napkins to match; $27.50 for a set for eight. Some old Victorian shaving mugs, all of a size, now perhaps destined to convey hot toddies around a country fireplace; $24 a dozen.

W. & J. SLOANE: A spirited white merry-go-round horse with red-and-gold trappings carries shelves instead of saddlebags on his back to turn himself into a small bar ($275), and a whole array of brightly enamelled glasses and bottles has been made up to deck out this dashing creature. Another of those ingenious double-duty tables is coffee-size, with a swivel leaf top of supper-at-the-fireside proportions; $115. Big wooden chests from New Mexico, brightly painted, nail-studded, sturdy, and decorative, to store toys or blankets in a country house; $30.

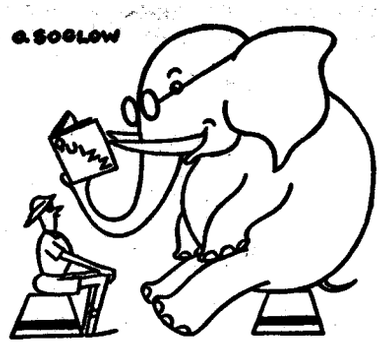
STEUBEN, 718 Fifth Avenue (56th): Copies of those old ceremonial toasting glasses men used to pass from one to another in the officers' mess or at bachelor dinners—about eighteen inches tall, with spiral twists blown into their stems, and highly ornamental used in pairs on table or sideboard; $20 each. A two-lipped cocktail-shaker, holding drinks for four, has a trick stopper which does not need to be removed in order to pour; $15. A flared flower vase mounted on crystal scroll feet and ten inches tall—a size no household should be without; $15.

TIFFANY: Impeccable silver, of course. For instance, a melon-shaped, ball-footed hors-d'œuvre dish with ivy-leaf handles, for $28, and a Gargantuan six-pint cocktail-mixer that costs, and rightly, $175. Knickknack: a silver stamp box ($9.25) can hold a roll of five hundred stamps. A glass cocktail pitcher with a sterling lip cover to keep ice from plopping into drinks; $15.50. Among antique silver: old sugar tongs to use for today's ice cubes; from $4.50.

WANAMAKER: At the step-saving Gift Shop you'll find little Swiss music boxes, made of wood and decorated to look like tortoiseshell, with space for cigarettes ($5.95 to $45); charming cottagey wall pockets, mahogany-finished, for ivy, copied from old hanging match-boxes and copper-lined ($2.85); and rare old French brass candlesticks with hurricane globes of Bristol glass ($25 a pair).

And now for some shops which may not be as large but where your chances of finding what you want are every bit as good:

AMERICA HOUSE, 7 East 54th: Bricks covered with needlepoint (for doorstops, silly) really have that homespun touch;



Try Matching Memories with this Big Fellow

EVEN if your memory isn't elephant-long, a glimpse of this jungle mammoth should always remind you that you can still get delightful, *imported* brandy merely by calling for GOOD HOPE Brandy. Ask your favorite liquor store or bar today for GOOD HOPE Brandy and see if this isn't so. GOOD HOPE Brandy is British★★★★★Brandy. In our opinion, it is in fine quality, flavor and bouquet, the equal of the best of Old World Cognacs. Even so, you'll find it costs you less than you formerly paid for these aristocratic prewar liqueurs.

• *Sole Importers:—Saccone, Speed & Jenney, Inc., The Waldorf-Astoria, 303 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.* • *Midwest, Far West and Southern Distributors: Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Kentucky.*

★★★★★GOOD HOPE BRANDY comes from the Cape of Good Hope. It is made by a three-century-old wine colony of French origin and tradition. Here the even and benign temperature, year after year, nurtures the grapes to such uniform goodness that the excellence of this celebrated Old-World Brandy never varies. GOOD HOPE BRANDY is produced under the full supervision and control of the British Colonial Government of The Union of South Africa.

Good Hope Brandy

84 Proof. Exported by Cooperative Wine Growers' Association, Suider Paarl, Union of South Africa.

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YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

THAT'S right . . . *all* smokers sometimes inhale. And inhaling *increases* the *chance of irritation* to sensitive nose and throat. But—see what eminent doctors found . . . on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS *AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITANT* AS THE AMAZINGLY DIFFERENT PHILIP MORRIS—AN IRRITANT EFFECT WHICH *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!*

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can* avoid worry about your nose and throat . . . you *can* have true smoking pleasure without penalties—*if you smoke* Philip Morris!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *FINEST* CIGARETTE

vibrant iron or brass cylinder gongs for doors to country places are meant to replace (if you must) the traditional knockers; $2.50 and $12.50. A handsome bowl which would do fine as a pipe-holder, hand-made of copper and lined with red or blue enamel; $7.50.

AMERICAN-WAY, 4 East 39th: Among the strikingly framed silk-screen prints here are Elizabeth Olds' enchanting one called "Kittens," in a shadow box ($12), and Hyman Warsager's "Beach Scene at Seagate," framed in bands of mother-of-pearl ($26.25). A chair called Slouch seats you in a relaxing sling of polished cowhide ($25.25) or woolly sheepskin ($40, to order only, a matter of three weeks). The shop's Jugtown ceramics include an enormous covered onion-soup tureen; $3.50.

BAZAR FRANÇAIS, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th): The famous French earthenware casseroles and cooking pots are now being perfectly copied in America, so addicts need not despair; from next to nothing to $5.75. Good copper, too; you probably couldn't find a more sensational gift for an avid amateur cook than a set called the Buffeteer—five pieces that combine to provide chafing-dish, crêpes-Suzette, and petite-marmite set-ups; $36.

THE BOX SHOP, 694 Madison Avenue (62nd): Everybody needs boxes and their affiliates, and this is where they grow. Such things as compartment trays for dresser drawers (from $3), deep-sectioned costume-jewelry boxes, sewing boxes, and wastebaskets are ready-made and are covered with wallpaper or chintz. Anything within reason can be made up in ten days, covered with wallpaper or chintz, and lacquered so it's washable inside and out. Specialty: cedar storage boxes; from $10.

CAUMAN, 14 East 50th: A French provincial walnut table, with drawers and secret recesses on one side for Mother's sewing, and on the other for Father's smoking supplies, is $95, and a standout in a roomful of antiques. Also, superb modern things, all the way from small, mirror-backed, three-shelf wall cabinets framed in mahogany ($5) to a spectacular screen of clear Lucite, painted with under-sea motifs ($300; orders filled in three weeks).

HATHAWAY, 51 West 45th: In Cuban mahogany, one of those comfortable, low square tables for fireside eating and drinking; $52.50. A black-and-gold lacquer coffee table with rococo legs and tooled-leather top; as well done as any we've seen; $59.50. A modern Chinese porcelain lamp has a silk shade, handmade of peacock blue, and a fine teakwood base; $39.50.

EDWIN JACKSON, 175 East 60th: If your friends have fireplaces, look—andirons, with a pair of graceful swans in white fireproof enamel on iron ($28) or brass dolphins waving their tails in the air

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($30). Things like that galore. Stoves, real old-time parlor ones, are coming back, and this shop has some nineteenth-century American specimens, starting at $25.

ALICE H. MARKS, 6 East 52nd: A little clock set in a copy of a Bristol-glass plate with an openwork border is $7.50 and would be charming in any simple, cat-on-the-hearth type of country room. Dinner-for-one sets, sprightly enough to make dining alone an occasion, include pieces that can double for breakfast; around $18. A super-ashtray: a deep, six-inch glass dish nested in a handsome pigskin-covered framework supporting a lighter; $13.50. Among her antique porcelain, a pair of Chelsea cauliflower-shaped covered dishes with the rare butterfly-and-bee ornamentation; $250.

McGIBBON, 420 Madison Avenue (49th): Wool-filled quilted comforters, covered with Dresden-flowered rayon taffeta, have pleated ruffles all around and are luxurious like everything; $25. An organdie luncheon-mat set for eight, with a shadowy flower print of blue gladioli or yellow poppies on white, is something special; $32.50, with sensible scalloped linen napkins. White satin orchids appliquéd on white organdie create pleasant chichi in another set, also for eight; $37.75.

MM COMPANY, 400 Park Avenue (54th): Their inlaid mahogany cigarette boxes are very well turned out; $9 and $10. Good coasters, among the hardest of all objects to unearth, made of liquor-proofed mahogany set with Irish ha'-pennies and shillings as insets; $2.50 and $3 each. Perfect for a country house in the throes of remodelling: an all but indestructible sixty-six-foot linen tape measure rolled in a saddle-leather case with a brass winder; $12.

MODERNAGE, 162 East 33rd: Accessories to add warmth to cold, austere modern rooms include plastics molded in leaf clusters, to serve as wall pockets for trailing greens; $3. Coffee and lamp tables in bleached oak or walnut have hard, polished tops of coral stone, familiar to Florida vacationers; $49.50 and $59.50. Limited-edition sculptures by such artists as William Zorach (wood carvings) and Robert Laurent (stone castings).

MOSSE, 659 Fifth Avenue (55th): A gift flattering to anyone who knows linen would be a sensational Irish-linen buffet-supper cloth, with a scalloped centre panel (of lemon or gray on white) running *across* the table ($45 with a dozen oblong lap napkins, and three weeks are required for delivery); or a seventeen-piece luncheon set of fine bright-red Swiss cotton with entertaining white embroideries depicting *fin-de-siècle* gigs and tandem bikes in Central Park ($38.50). For a cold-shower male: English friction towels of natural linen, good and scratchy to work up a healthy glow; $11.50 a pair, with a three-letter monogram.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK, 541 Madison Avenue (54th): Softly padded bronze leather sewing boxes, the kind your grandmother knew and adored, come fully equipped in all sizes and shapes, starting at $5. A new, vase-shaped knitting bag of quilted

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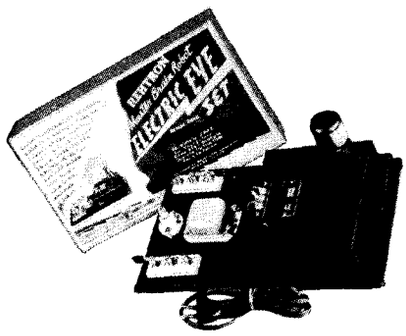

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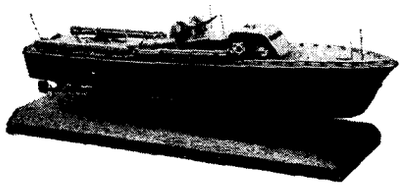

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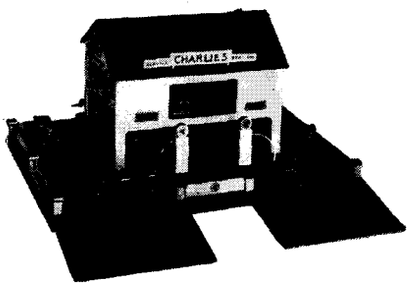

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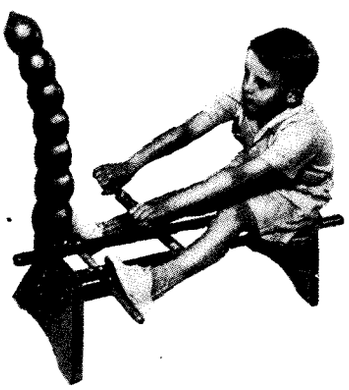

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chintz, with a stiff base to make it stand upright on the floor beside the knitter's chair; $5. Desk blotters, with pocketed, folding covers done in paper or brocades, are really writing cases that make a desk of any table; $7.50 to $16.

ALFRED ORLIK, 421 Madison Avenue (49th): Perfect copies, now being made here, of flowery French porcelains include the Meissen Rose pattern, hand-painted, in perfume-and-powder sets ($45 for three pieces), bonbon dishes ($29.50), and desk sets, in which the blotter pads have side strips of the lovely stuff instead of mere corners ($95 for six pieces).

ORREFORS, 5 East 57th: This house's carved, soft-gray glass, called Platine, is used for decanters ($25) and handsome, sensible, straight-whiskey glasses ($30 a dozen). A cheese dish of sepia glass has a shallow bell cover and is perfect for whole Camemberts—the big ones; $10. A set of three slightly S-shaped liquor flasks, clear or sepia-tinted, are easy to hold in your hand; they snuggle together in a maple or walnut stand; $30.

HARRY RICHARDSON, 856 Lexington Avenue (64th): A newcomer with good taste offers a collection of old music boxes, every one in perfect condition ($35 to $100). His flat pewter wall pockets, hand-made in simple, dramatic designs, are nice for plain green leaves or vines in water ($7.50 to $17.50). Victorian lamps, already wired, start at $11.50 and go up to $37.50.

RENA ROSENTHAL, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): Terra cotta, occasionally touched with glazes, used by real artists to make things like contented cows and very foxy foxes ($7.50), and ceramic Siamese-cat heads with the eyes just the right blue ($16). Terra-cotta figures of West Indians working out at those mad native dances; $15 to $18.

NANCY SHOSTAC, 157 East 55th: Antique clocks that run and, what's more, keep time, among them an eighteen-day chiming one signed by Balthazar, the maker; $60. A heavy Empire decanter of fine old crystal is cut in a diamond-lozenge pattern and etched; there are five matching wine goblets with those rare square bases; $28. If it's Biedermeier you're after, your quarry is here—lots of it. Tall mirrors of the period, framed with pale cherrywood and topped by panels of classic figures, are $50 and $75.

CAROLE STUPELL, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd): Centrepieces and candlesticks, made of softly tinted coral in mushroom and branched shapes, make sprightly table decorations; from $13.50. A tray, of silver- or gold-mirror glass, that would give a boost to any pampered pet's breakfast-in-bed ritual is $45. For barbecue-supper addicts: an oak plank, with well-and-tree indentations like those in a platter, is grand as a base for dismembering a joint or steak; $3.

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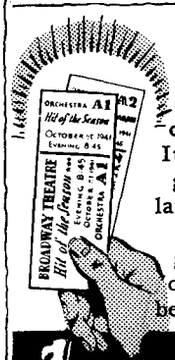

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RESTAURANTS

Places Called Little

NATURALLY, your favorite little place has better bread, better salad, better *frites*, and sounder table wine than anybody else's and you're permanently attached to it, but just in case you want a spare, here are a few I've visited lately:

The Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel, at 256 West Fifty-second Street, is my candidate from way back. It's handy to the Guild Theatre, but if you're going on to the play, start early, for there is no use dovetailing yourself into this simple spot unless you have plenty of time. They think an honest meal deserves deference, and people who try to hustle things up just get on their nerves. Your cocktail, your tray of hors-d'œuvres (which is left on your table), and your tureen of soup turn up when the staff gets good and ready. That tureen should tell you all you need to know about the place. It's planted before the most authoritative-looking party at your table, who is expected to dish out. I'm for the system. Regular entrées include *tête de veau vinaigrette*, braised oxtail *bourgeoise*, and broiled pigs' feet, along with less precisely anatomical dishes, like parsley omelet and sole *meunière*. The specialties are snails, minute steaks, chops, and plain or fancy chicken. A good green salad, cheese or ice cream, and your own basket of fruit follow, and the strong French coffee is ten cents extra, which puts the seal of validity on the whole thing. Onion soup every Monday.

You might—if you don't already know it—see how you like Mamma Marusi's elegant new installation at 108 West Seventy-third Street. No cocktails here, so fortify yourself before you go, if you think it necessary; I find adequate quantities of that stout red wine a satisfactory substitute, but that's up to you. This place will remind you that Italian cooking can be as sound and straightforward as any foreign cooking in town. The menu is Italian from start to finish, except for the homemade apple pie that slipped in somehow. Meat ravioli with meat or butter sauce is delicious; you go on long after you ought to. That is true of all the *pasta*, which is remarkably good, and no wonder, for the amiable *patronne-chef* makes it fresh every day. You'll need a firm grip on your sanity not to be confused by all the entrées and their allies. There's veal, *cacciatora* or with green peppers; there's boiled beef and chicken, magnificently combined; there's squab casserole, and good salad, and eggplant cooked the Marusi way. At the end, should too many Italian dishes have overwhelmed you, you can settle down to normal with that apple pie I spoke of. This is another of those little restaurants Toscanini is said to favor. Of course, they're as numerous as beds that Washington slept in, but if, conceivably, he *doesn't* know this one, it's his loss.

At 12 West Forty-eighth Street there's the Three Gs Restaurant, bouncing along year after year with its three proprietors, whose names begin with guess what letter. Each of the three is a different nationality, so you get variety, if that's what you're after. You can lead off with Bismarck herring or Italianish hors-d'œuvres, carry on with clam broth or chowder (both made right there), and head into entrées of almost any country. They have a special for every day of the week: Mondays, corned beef and cabbage; Wednesdays, lamb stew; Fridays, roast leg of lamb Bretonne; and Saturdays, tripe à la mode de Caën, to name some of them. Any day you'll find such things as mutton chops, broiled *boudin* (blood sausage behind that dreamy name), mussels marinière, and boiled beef with horseradish. Peaches in sherry, pears in red wine, sherbet, figs, and the inevitable cheese pretty well complete the dessert list. The full-fledged bar is not too proud to serve wine by the glass.

If the Normandie, at 307 West Forty-sixth Street, had been in the old Paris, you'd have boasted that *chauffeurs de taxi* ate there, and in New York it conveys something of the same impression. Skim past the large, practical bar to the tables in back, assuming you prefer them to the booths in front. Agreeable hors-d'œuvres—lentils, pâté, and tuna and other salads—are presented in rows of white dishes on a tray; after that there's consommé, or perhaps cream-of-chicken soup. Next, these fall days, there's *civet de lapin*, but if you don't go for *civets* (poor you), there's a choice of broiled jumbo squab, frogs' legs *provençale*, and small, sturdy sirloin steaks nicely grilled. The *frites* are fine, the salad is fine, and so is the bread. You can end it all with *crême bavaroise*, or cheese, or a good pear, sped by black French coffee served in a glass.

FONTAINEBLEAU, at 9 West Fifty-second Street, may seem rather grand to include in this recital, because the ceiling of the second-story dining room is so high and the house (which used to be a mansion) so wide. I'd say it belongs, though. The terrine of liver pâté is good, and so is the *saucisson d'Arles*. It should be no trick to find what you want among the entrées, which include broiled lamb kidneys with bacon, roast capon, calf's brains with capers, and particularly good *coq au vin* with a fine dark sauce. Desserts start meekly with jello and rise to relatively dizzying heights; i.e., crêpes Suzette. The wine list will make you bat an eye, but if you're not feeling fancy, you'll do all right with one of that squad of stoppered *carafons* on the sideboard.

WHEN the Stew Bar, at 238 Madison Avenue (37th), gets around to having a wine-and-beer license, it ought to be a likely candidate for favorite little place, unless you feel that "little" places mustn't be American. Personally, I don't. The hitch about the license is the name; the A.B.C. people are leery of the word "stew" and sort of wish the place were called something else. Meanwhile, the food is good enough to take you there. Stews are kowtowed to, as you might suspect; oyster stew, kidney stew, beef stew, and Brunswick stew (made with chicken instead of squirrel) are only a few of them. Stew-avoiders might like devilled fresh crab, or shrimp broiled in the shell, or the classic half broiled chicken. The people here make apple-pie history with their New Orleans variety (has nuts in it) and there's Brown Betty and layer cake, too. They'll send food out, and I can't imagine a more satisfying buffet supper for a few cronies than that Brunswick stew and one of those buxom pies, with your own mixed salad as a buffer. They'll even make the stew with squirrel if you favor the original down-South ingredient.

—SOUBISE

•

CORDUROY NARCISSUS

Deep in a pool today I saw
A hunter, and his fielding eye
Ranged past me as a partridge drum
Made ruffèd thunder in the sky.

He fired; a feather floated down
And settled on the tow-haired grass;
I saw him stroke it with his hand
And smile at me from the pool's brown glass.

Smiling, I stroked a feather too;
Then let it fall and gently float,
A trophy on the image of
Narcissus in a corduroy coat.

—HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

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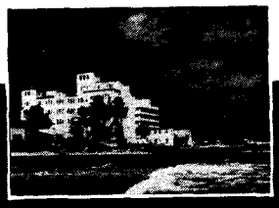

THE RACE TRACK

Always Take Advice

IT seems likely that Alsab will be chosen the horse of the year by most of the polls now in progress. This is all right with me, although I can't think of a good reason for having a horse of the year. My vote for the horse of the week (if we're going to have one, we might as well have the other) goes to Pictor for his performance in the Riggs Handicap at Pimlico. Pictor, to save you the trouble of looking it up, was bred and foaled in Maryland and is owned by W. L. Brann. He was no great shakes as a two- or three-year-old. He didn't begin to win much until two months ago; in fact, up to that time he had won only six of his twenty-eight starts. Now his score is eleven out of thirty-three. In the Riggs, he just galloped along until Ball Player and Sir Alfred wore one another out fighting for the lead, then passed them easily, and had enough left to stand off Corydon, to whom he gave ten pounds.

The purse of the Riggs brought Pictor's earnings to over $60,000 for 1941. This does not include $2,000 in premiums which, thanks to a Maryland custom, he earned for his breeder by winning the Havre de Grace, Washington, and Riggs Handicaps and the Laurel Stakes. That money was credited directly to Mr. Brann. You see, the four Maryland tracks (Pimlico, Laurel, Bowie, and Havre de Grace), in an effort to encourage the production of race horses down there, give the breeder of a thoroughbred foaled in the state an award of $250 whenever the animal wins a purse with a gross value of less than $2,500, and $500 if the purse is $2,500 or more. It doesn't matter if the breeder still owns the winner or not. This lagniappe is not included in calculating the winnings of a horse as a basis for figuring weight penalties. I don't know why I tell you all this; presumably you're not going to rush off to Maryland, buy a farm, and start raising little Pictors. You could do worse, though; lots of people have.

Haltal, who was expected to make things interesting for Pictor in the Riggs, didn't because of a peculiar accident. Coming out of the stall gate at the start of the race, he was badly cut over his

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right eye by a piece of wire. Apparently some fractious beast had pawed the netting in one of the doors and had broken the wire in such a way that it twisted and stuck out, hooking Haltal as he passed. As a result, Haltal won't race again this season.

NOT even sunspots could be blamed for the things that happened at Pimlico last week. Rosetown obviously was not up to carrying 120 pounds in the Lady Baltimore Handicap, although she carried as much weight easily not so long ago, and she was never able to get close to the winner.

Next day a man I know had his whole afternoon spoiled by too much inside information. It seems that shortly before the Heiser Handicap he met the trainer of Skin Deep, who confided that his colt didn't like muddy tracks and advised a little wager on something named Abrasion instead. As it turned out, Skin Deep disliked the sloppy going so much that he skipped through it in a great hurry, winning at 15–1, and Abrasion wasn't even in the money. By a singular coincidence, the same man decided to bet on Trois Pistoles in the Grayson Stakes last Saturday, but someone he met worked up such a disconcertingly good argument against it that he didn't. Trois Pistoles led throughout the mile and a half and paid $18.60. My man tore up his badge.

MY daily-double spy reports that after the combination of Little Bolo and Sturdy Duke won the other afternoon, paying $239.50, a numbers player boasted that he had bet on them because his badge number was 707 and both winners were No. 7 on the program. My favorite daily-double story of the week, though, is about the horseplayer who papered the walls of his den with a pattern showing a finish between two horses, one with 5 on his saddle cloth and the other with 2. So he started playing 5 and 2 in the double and kept it up for some time without any luck. The day after he decided to quit, 5 and 2 won and paid $218.70.

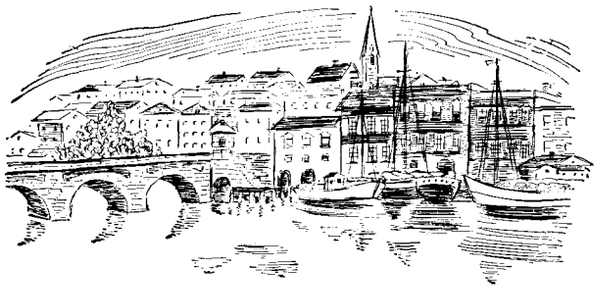
—AUDAX MINOR

•

Preparations of savory, tempting meals for the soldiers in the United States Army will consume about 1,000,000 pounds of spices this year. That's the report from Mary I. Barber, fool consultant in the office of the Quartermaster General in Washington.—*Washington Post.*

Let's not call names in these critical times!

THE PART OF FRANCE THEY CAN'T TOUCH



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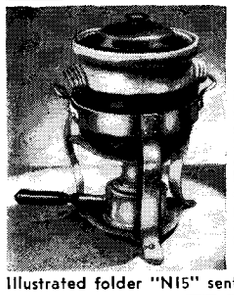

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THE ARMY LIFE

VI—MY DAY

ONE of the questions frequently asked of a selectee by civilians he encounters on the rare excursions he makes into their sheltered world is "Well, what do you *do* all day, anyway?" Well, we do lots of things. The component parts of my routine at Camp Croft, South Carolina, where I am receiving thirteen weeks of basic infantry training, are varied slightly from day to day, but on the whole I find it hard to tell one day from another. On my typical day I am aroused, along with thirty or so roommates, at five-thirty in the morning by a fellow who has spent the night in charge of company headquarters and who bounds briskly into the barracks, snaps on the lights with a flourish, shouts, "Let's go," and vanishes again into the darkness outside before I have had time to say thanks. A bugle is also blown, but we don't always hear it. We have only ten minutes in which to prepare for reveille, so most of the boys, having dislodged themselves from their beds, hurriedly start putting their clothes on, at the same time encouraging reluctant risers near them, by a stiff nudge or two, to follow their example. At five-forty a staff sergeant's whistle blows and we line up in front of our barracks for roll call. When we have been found all present and accounted for, we scramble back indoors. We are then completely at leisure, until breakfast at six-fifteen, to wash, make our beds, sweep under them, arrange our shoes neatly under the beds, tie the laces on the shoes we have arranged, and dust the whole display. We perform some of these chores to the musical accompaniment of Stan Shaw's all-night phonograph-record program on one of the boys' radios, a broadcast some of us used to listen to in New York as we went to bed.

At the sound of another whistle we walk to our company mess hall, a long, low building a hundred yards away, and as we file in we pause at the door to receive our daily ration of milk, a half-pint bottle. About two hundred and fifty men eat there, seated ten at a table. Our food has already been set out by soldiers who are on duty as waiters for the day, and we begin eating when a cook blows a whistle. Before each of us is a thick china cup, a china plate, a knife, a fork, a spoon, and, at some breakfasts, a cereal bowl. We are continually informed by our mess sergeant, a man evidently unimpressed by such conversationally worth-while meals as those which once took place at the Mermaid Tavern, that it is pointless and in fact improper to mix talking with eating and that our table repartee should be limited to "Pass the butter, please" and "Reach for it yourself." After breakfast some of us line up in front of the barracks and then roam across the company area, stripping it of such undesirable matter as cigarette butts, matchsticks, and bits of paper. The rest of us return to our barracks to finish sweeping and to wipe off any ledges or shelves we suspect an inquisitive officer might finger.

BY seven-fifteen, we are ready to go to work. Most of our days are divided into hourly periods. We work for fifty minutes and then have a theoretically ten-minute break, which is rarely longer than ten minutes and is frequently shorter, depending on how many things we are required to do during it. Each break begins and ends with a whistle blast, and in between we often run in and out of the barracks to gather up equipment as orders are shouted to us. We sometimes change our accessories as often as a débutante. One morning, for instance, we were told to fall out in khaki hats. After doing so, we were told to go back inside and get our denim hats. We neatly stowed our khaki hats away and fell out in denims, only to learn that at Camp Croft they are worn exclusively by prisoners. It developed that what we should have done was to wear our khakis and carry the denims, which were to be turned in at the supply room, where they would presumably await our admittance to the guardhouse.

On a typical day our work starts off with a brisk dose of calisthenics, which we perform not to musical rhythms but to our own raucous count. Each exercise we do, we're told, develops some especially useful muscle, and the officers who serve as physical-education instructors, while warning us not to bend those knees as we strive earnestly to touch our toes, are apt to urge us on by announcing that every uncomfortable position we get ourselves into is for our own good. You don't have to be in the Army long to learn, from some superior or other, that everything you do, or that is done to you, is for your own good.

During the ten-minute break allotted to us after calisthenics we return to the barracks and pick up the resplendent ac-

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cessories of our regular drill uniforms, which consist, all told, of blue denim fatigue blouses and trousers; canvas cartridge belts, with canteen, bayonet, and first-aid kit attached; rifles; leggings; and wide-brimmed khaki field hats that have recently been issued and will no doubt eventually inspire some little Daché creation that all the smart girls will be wearing. From eight-fifteen until nine o'clock we are occupied with close-order drill, without which we would never be able to give a decent account of ourselves in a Fifth Avenue victory parade. Close-order drill consists of marching in formation. We move at attention, maintaining, when underway, a steady speed of one hundred and twenty steps to the minute, holding our rifles on our shoulders at identical angles, and looking straight ahead at the neck of the fellow in front of us, a monotonous and singularly unappealing view.

Close-order drill is followed by fifty minutes of what is called extended-order drill, which we are learning for use in areas more combative than Fifth Avenue. During this period we move around a field in squads of a dozen or so men in long, loose lines, and at frequent intervals are compelled to fall flat on the ground, no matter how unreceptive the ground may appear to be. More often than not, we are running when we get the order to drop. The Army has an approved way of performing every movement, and we have been given explicit instructions about falling. You hit the ground first with your rifle butt, which is clasped firmly in the right hand. Your knees hit next, and, a fraction of a second later, your whole left side. Immediately you roll over into a prone position, bring your rifle butt up to your right shoulder, and there you are, ready to shoot. Very simple.

We are finished with extended-order drill at ten o'clock, by which time we are tired enough to call it a number of days. We are accordingly astonished when we learn that our schedule now demands a five-mile hike. On hikes we march at route step—keeping in step not required and talking permitted—with our rifles slung by their straps over our shoulders and our packs, like overweight jockeys, riding high on our backs. We get back to the barracks just in time to collect our mail before lunch, which is served at noon. We receive mail twice daily, and once on Sunday. Two letters and a medium-sized package of cookies are regarded as fair compensation for a hike. Probably the saddest fellow in the camp the day we returned from our first

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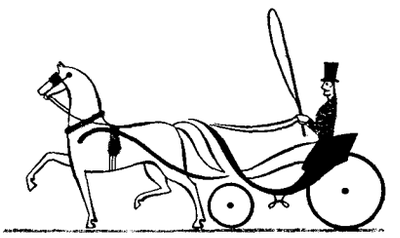

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long march was the one who stopped lamenting a blister long enough to open a promising-looking envelope forwarded to him from his home, only to discover that it contained a letter from his draft board. It wanted to know where he was.

WE are usually finished with lunch, known in the Army as dinner, by twelve-twenty, and we have the next forty minutes to ourselves, unless, of course, somebody with more authority wants them. At one o'clock our afternoon begins. We are likely to spend the first two hours of it at a movie theatre, where we divide our time impartially between cat naps and films about the training of an infantryman. The majority of our pictures are produced by the Signal Corps and, considering their purpose, would probably receive an extremely low rating from a Senate investigating committee. The actors are almost all Army men, who accomplish with dexterity and poise various movements our officers hope we will someday be able to duplicate. The only member of any of the casts known to us as a non-professional is a silver-haired Hollywood actor of whose identity we are uncertain. As a wise old medical officer, a sort of antiseptic Frank Craven, he plays the narrator's rôle in an animated treatise on sex hygiene we have so far witnessed twice. When he turned up a few nights ago in a regular Hollywood picture about a reformed jewel thief, his first appearance on the screen drew more cheers from the audience than a sweater girl would have.

After our siesta at the movies we go back to our company drill ground for bayonet practice. We stand in two facing rows and, at appropriate intervals, we growl ferociously at our supposed opponents and make threatening gestures at them. Bayoneting is as precise a sport as fencing, with a set of conventions no less strict. We are taught a series of ten movements designed to wear down the resistance of, if not actually cut to small pieces, the most formidable enemy, and we are taught to execute them in a definite order. The only thing that worries us about bayonets is that our opponents may have a set of movements of their own that will interfere with the proper completion of ours, or that they may refuse to coöperate by simply not remaining erect long enough for us to go all the way through our lessons.

OUR working day ends at four-thirty in the afternoon. However, there are still plenty of things to keep

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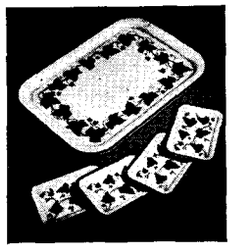
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us from feeling idle. If, for instance, we have carried our beds and bedding outside in the morning, we naturally have to carry these inside and reassemble them. At five twenty-five we go to retreat, presenting arms in formation while the camp colors are lowered. While waiting for this ceremony to occur, we take showers and shave, if we have time; otherwise, we clean up after supper. The Army expects every soldier to shave once a day.

Supper comes immediately after retreat, and after supper we are free. Frequently, however, we have a few incidental extra-hour duties to perform, such as cleaning our rifles, turning in our laundry, receiving our laundry, signing the payroll, getting paid, receiving or turning in equipment, or writing letters home. Some men, of course, go to the movies or hang around at the canteen. At nine o'clock the lights in the barracks go out. By eleven every man is required to be in his bed. It may seem like a long day, but, as one sergeant explained to a new private who happened to remark that at home he had enjoyed the luxury of a fifty-hour week, "In the Army, fellow, your day begins at midnight." And when, the private hopefully inquired, did it end? "Midnight," the sergeant said.

—Pvt. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

• •

MEMORANDUM TO CLEMENTINE,

OR WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM THE SNAILS?

Down where the sea cries "hoi-a-loa, hoi-a-loa," the beach plums take form and the jam makers who know of such matters say the crop promises well.—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

That isn't all that's going on, Miss Paddleford,
In the entrancing world of edibles.
For out in Hawaii, where the sea says "Whoosh! Whoosh!,"
Our little brown brethren, in sarong and *leis*,
Are loading pineapples on the boats—
The big boats that mutter "Wooo! Wooo!"—
And someday we shall eat them sliced, with kirsch.

In Louisiana, midst the "sough-sough" of crayfish holes,
Where the mad waters often go "Swish-glug, swish-glug,"
They're taking shrimps from Lake Pontchartrain,
Tiny, dainty shrimps that make no sound whatever.
And we shall have these shrimps in time, at Antoine's,
Or possibly at Voisin, the Colony, or Cavanagh's,
With cries of "But divine!" and "Geez! Good, ain't it!"

And down in the broken hills of Tennessee,
Where the waters are generally pretty quiet
But where the gentle swineherds say "Sooey! Sooey!,"
They're fixing up some truly elegant hams.
These will be brought to us by trains—
Trains that go "Biddlededee-biddlededah"—
Also chops, sausages, pigs' feet, and spareribs.

And out on Long Island's low South Shore,
Where the sea says "Spoot-a-psst! Ah-zoom!,"
The busy fanciers are raising many ducks,
Fat, foolish birds that say "Quack! Quack!,"
And some brave evening, if in the mood,
We'll go somewhere and place an order
For salmis of duckling, with orange and cherries.

And out on Montana's lush green sea of grass,
A sea that does not cry or yelp or moan,
But where the sun-baked men shout "Yippee!"
And call each other "pard" and "you old coyote,"
They're fattening up the white-faced cattle,
The sleek Herefords that frequently bawl "Mooo! Mooo!"
We'll settle for a steak with mushrooms ("Yum-yum").

—Stanley Walker

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Many Doings

THE New Opera Company's last production of its first season was a light work that started heavy arguments: Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne." From where I sat, it sounded like plenty of slick music, with neat and shapely lyrics by Miss Marion Farquhar, capably sung, and conducted with oodles of oomph by Antal Dorati. The new English book, though, was for the most part slow going, and some of the transactions with spoken lines were rather Varsity Show. I don't, however, recall another production that engendered so many intermission lobby debates, and a presentation that gets people to yipping at one another is a good thing for opera.

With the returns in on the New Opera Company's 1941 *stagione*, it may be said that the whole enterprise was a good thing for opera, too. The repertory was shrewdly diversified, the conducting and musical preparation were exceptional, and the singing was notable for its teamwork, although there weren't many memorable individual efforts. The staging, on the other hand, was usually tied up with and by operatic tradition or stylistic mannerisms. After checking off the debits, none of which need be recurring items, one must record the New Opera Company as a stimulating acquisition and, it is hoped, a permanent one.

HEARINGS of Mozart's Requiem in D minor inevitably bring up discussions about how much of this music was composed by Mozart and what parts were written or completed by other composers. The matter remains a musicological mystery, but the music, as it was conducted last week by Bruno Walter with the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Westminster Choir, sounded like Mozart, and almost all of it fine Mozart. It was a beautifully modelled performance, in which Mr. Walter seemed to be playing on the orchestra, chorus, and soloists as if all of them were responsive instruments. Earlier in the evening, Mr. Walter was himself an instrumentalist, conducting the Händel B-minor concerto grosso while he played the piano. Doubling in

Maggi McNellis

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ivory doesn't generally lead to extreme smoothness in ensemble, but Mr. Walter succeeded in bringing off an exhilarating exhibition of one of Handel's most ingratiating works.

Leopold Stokowski renewed his local activities when he conducted the N.B.C. Symphony in the Cosmopolitan Opera House, which used to be known as the Mecca Auditorium. Mr. Stokowski's N.B.C. concerts are broadcast, but those who wish to see as well as hear may now buy tickets. There was plenty to see at the first one, too, including a blue stage setting and a peculiar arrangement of the orchestra, and the cash customers received a dividend in the form of a quasi-rehearsal of Schönberg's long, uneven, but often interesting "Pelléas et Mélisande." The orchestra didn't sound so well as it usually does and as it probably will again after a few more sessions with Mr. Stokowski. Suggestion to ticket buyers: The best place to hear in the Cosmopolitan is upstairs.

SOMETHING new turned up in Town Hall last week—an imaginative song-recital program. It was prepared—and well sung, too—by Miss Doris Doe, the Metropolitan contralto, who kindly omitted the withered flowers of the repertory and started right in with songs by Virgil Thomson and Benjamin Britten. Of Mr. Britten's airs, "Nocturne" was especially effective. Mr. Thomson's "Dirge," from Webster's "The White Devil," was finely wrought, and his recitative and aria, "Preciosilla," to a Gertrude Stein libretto that must be heard to be appreciated, was a honey. Then there were unfamiliar songs by Pfitzner, Debussy's "Proses Lyriques" (a high spot in singing for Miss Doe and for the season), and some unoverworked material by Wolf and Strauss.

Another singer with a Metropolitan background who appeared in Town Hall recently was Joseph Clifford. Mr. Clifford's Metropolitan duties so far have been those of an usher, and I can testify to his courtesy and efficiency. He has a good tenor voice and a deal of dramatic sense in using it. At his recital, he sang too carefully and often too softly, but the makings are there.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Three of a Kind

IN answer to repeated requests from fan clubs, Victor has at last released an album of recordings by the late Russ Columbo, who died in an accident seven

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New York club,
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Roy met an heiress, who, naturally, wasn't
after his money,
And who, incidentally, was a honey.
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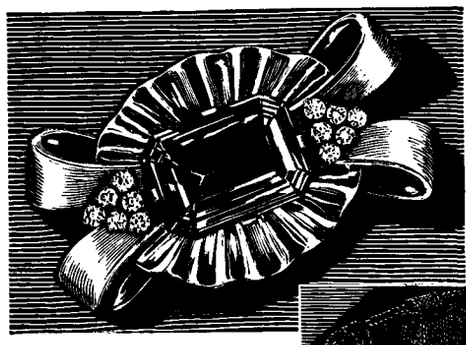

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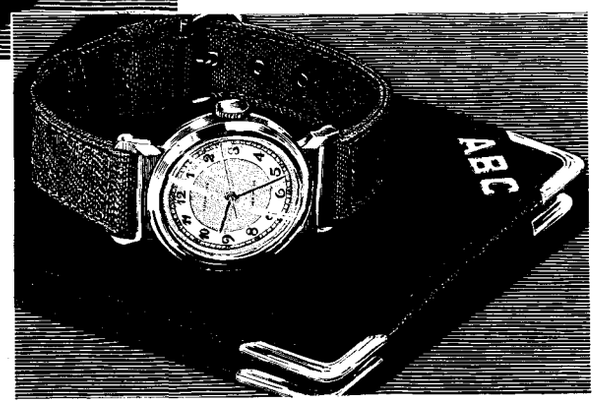

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years ago just as he reached the heights at which a singer generates fan clubs. His particular pinnacle, you may recall, was a job of singing for N.B.C., which found him a perfect challenge to Bing Crosby, who at the time was busy nursing along his own coterie of fans on the rival C.B.S. network. The songs Columbo introduced—or a lot of them, anyway—became overnight hits, and, in fact, several numbers launched with only middling success by other artists perked up considerably in popularity the moment Columbo took them over.

The present album (No. P-95) contains eight of the hits of that period, among them "Sweet and Lovely," "Prisoner of Love," "Paradise," and "Goodnight Sweetheart." Columbo's style, as these performances will remind you, was that of a crooner devoted exclusively to sentimental interpretations. However, he used good judgment in selecting the pieces he sang and he rarely, if ever, sinned against musicianly taste in his singing.

Getting back to Mr. Crosby, he too is hardly averse to sentimental songs, but he is also a very versatile gentleman, as at home with the hottest jive as he is with romantic pieces. Now he is to be heard on Decca 4033 in a pair of items that are far apart in character—"Clementine," a hopped-up version of the old familiar, in which a vocal group and John Scott Trotter's orchestra contribute to the fireworks, and "Day Dreaming," a velvety piece by Jerome Kern and Gus Kahn, done with the assistance of Victor Young and his orchestra. The Crosby brand of sentimental singing, in which the gentleman has no trouble at all in restraining his tears, is amply demonstrated in "Day Dreaming," a lovely tune, by the way, and his rhythmical half is engagingly set forth in "Clementine," which has a touch of amusing byplay between himself and the other vocalists. This is by all odds the best record Crosby has turned out in some time.

THE baritones seem to have it this trip, so we may as well talk about a new disc by Barry Wood, who is rapidly coming to the top, judging from the popularity of his records. Mr. Wood is no stylist; he just sings, and generally sings well. Victor 27642 presents Mr. Wood, supported vocally by the Wood-Nymphs, a female group I somehow can't quite visualize, in a smooth and easy version of George Gershwin's rhythmic ballad "Mine," as well as another rather bright non-Gershwin concoction called "Si, Si, Some More." The blend of voices is interesting on

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both sides of this disc, and so are the neat contrasts in musical figures as the voices of those nymphs flit around Mr. Wood's singing of the melody in "Mine," and an accompanying orchestra does pat accompanying.

AN unusually good assortment of dance performances has been issued recently, some of them actually the classics that their sponsors claim them to be. The following list gives a few of the best, with swing, as is customary here, being marked by an asterisk:

ROCKS IN MY BED and BLIP-BLIP*—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Here's what I mean by a classic. Each of these jobs is a model of its type, full of ideas and imagination from start to finish, with playing that is as good as any being done today. "Rocks in My Bed" is a deep, warm blues with many clever touches in orchestration. "Blip-Blip" rolls along as smoothly as you please on the surface, while just about everything goes on underneath. (*Victor 27639*)

VAMO Á JUGAR LA RUEDA and BIM BAM BOOM—Noro Morales and his orchestra. A pair of guarachas in the Afro-Cuban vein, these numbers are performed in an authentic manner and with all the enthusiasm in the world. Machito's vocals help the cause immensely. (*Decca 18194*)

POUND RIDGE* and I GOT IT BAD—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. It's but a step for this band to move from the brisk, provocative beat of "Pound Ridge," in which the leader's clarinet takes off on a tortuous solo flight against the rhythm, to the rich and draggy account of "I Got It Bad." Peggy Lee's vocal in the latter is good to start with and is made even better by the carefully worked-out background. (*Columbia 36421*)

WATER BOY* and WINDY CITY JIVE*—Earl Hines and his orchestra. Here "Water Boy" is done, possibly for the first time, as a weird jungle chant or some such. Billy Eckstein performs a remarkable job with the words as the drums boom and the other instruments slither in and out of a compact design. "Windy City Jive" is, as you might guess, hot, and it has plenty of piano-playing by the leader. (*Bluebird B-11329*)

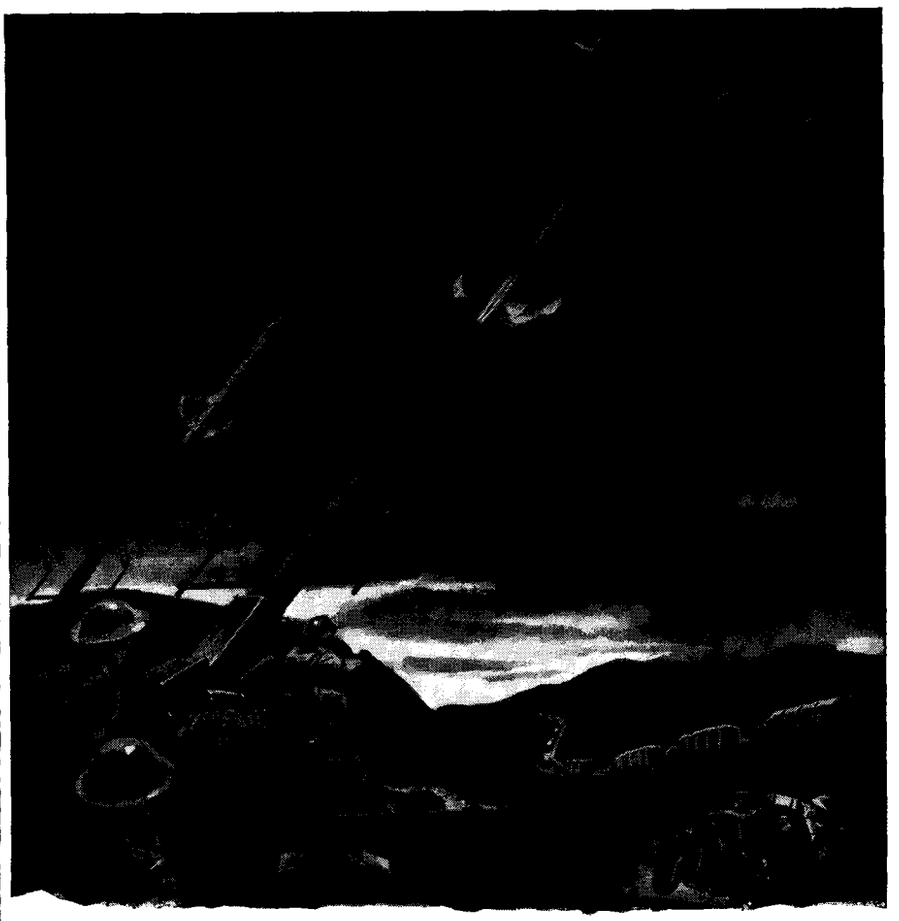
YOU'VE CHANGED and NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN*—Harry James and his orchestra. One of the up-and-coming bands shows its versatility in taking good care of both "You've Changed," a slow ballad, and "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," a standard spiritual, given the works as swing. Mr. James, a mighty trumpeter, does some fine work in "Nobody Knows," which is also distinguished by the contributions of the supporting cast. (*Columbia 36412*) —OFFBEAT

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Newark Star-Ledger*]

Herbert S. Waters, Kresge executive, explained in the matter of days off one week and have Sunday be off Saturdays and Sundays and clerks and sales people would alternate in taking the two week-end days off one wee kand have Sunday and a day in the middle of the week of the following week.



AMERICAN SCENE

AUTUMN, 1941

For the past several weeks, hundreds of thousands of our young men have been participating in the annual war maneuvers. The men have not only been trained in military science for these strenuous games, but have also been keyed and fitted for them by regular periods of physical recreation.

If the authorities feel that the Army's efficiency is improved by sports, doesn't it behoove all of us, as civilian workers for preparedness, to likewise take time out for brief, regular periods of active physical recreation?

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OUT OF TOWN

Pacific Playground

ACAPULCO, that cliffy, beachy Mexican town on the Pacific, still isn't what it was when Spain's East Indian trade ran through it a few hundred years ago, but it's getting livelier every year. People who hate to see a spot of this sort spoiled without having had a hand in it had better step lively if they want to beat the boom. I've been asking Acapulco enthusiasts what's what down there, and maybe you'll be interested in the approximate gist of what they say.

A whopping real-estate project is on foot—Hollywood folk and such—but it's got nowhere yet, and a tremendous new hotel is in prospect, but nobody needs to bother about that for another year or so. The few good private houses are usually rented, so go ahead and establish yourself in one of the American-plan hotels; prices start at about $3 a day and nothing's very dear. El Mirador, on the famous cliff, and Los Flamingos, on a lesser one, both have bungalows for you to settle down in; La Marina and the Colonial are sea-levelish because they are in the town itself, which is sea-levelish. The Anahuac is right on one of the beaches and grandly serves you quinine with your breakfast coffee, which I call thoughtful. As for what are termed activities, people carry on about the deep-sea (and other) fishing, the hunting, the dawn market, the semi-secret cock-fights, the picnics accompanied by native musicians, the band music in the square, and the Seven Seas bar, where you pass an evening now and then in a haze of Cuba Libres (probably), sustained by a ration of the local crustacean, which tastes like lobster when you dip it in mayonnaise. Bars, by the way, are numerous, many of them fine, tough Mexican ones, but they are incidental and not the pivot of all life, as they so often are in other play spots.

That deep-sea fishing is as sensational in Acapulco as it is anywhere. Things like giant swordfish are taken for granted, and into the bargain intrepid chaps get to tussle with the fighting monster called manta, which weighs right up into the thousands of pounds. The hunting season is on, too. Until January 31st you and your guide can drive to the foothills and take saddle horses up the mountain for deer and the like, and until February 28th you can bang away at a variety of duck, scaring the wits out of the parrots who stop by to see what you're up to—it's as other-world as that. The one hard fact has to do with your limit—twenty-five ducks a day, seventy-five a week. A permit (you need one for any sort of hunting) costs twenty pesos, which figures out to something like $4.

All this is pretty strenuous for the tropics, of course, and if you go just to relax (or find you aren't up to anything else once you get there), you might try a little light fishing in the early morning and spend the rest of the day on one of the beaches, some of the juiciest of which are on islands. A fellow named Pancho is the one to see about a boat before you fare forth with a picnic lunch (or supper, when there's a moon) and enough thermos bottles full of that beverage they make with claret as a base. Todd's Place (Pie de la Cuesta, if you prefer the fancy name) goes its carefree way out there on a spit between lagoon and ocean. It's a hotel of sorts, but you'll probably want to go there just to tour the lagoon in Todd's capricious launch or merely lie dormant in a row of hammocks sipping chilled coconut milk from the shell through a straw and contemplating the energetic waves that break in front of you. If it's too hot, somebody wiggles a rope to agitate the fans over the hammocks. Very leisurely. It's a better than good idea to bring your lunch from your own hotel in a shoe box or whatever they have handy to pack it in, as Mrs. Todd, who might otherwise feed you, is as relaxed as anybody.

EVERYONE seems agreed that if you haven't a car, whether your visit is a matter of months or weeks you'll wish passionately that you had. Should you want to bring your own, bring the second-best one. The roads are good but the curves are something fierce; people have even been known to make the eight-hour trip from Mexico City by night because other drivers' headlights looming around the corners give them an idea of what's coming, whereas by day it's all a gamble (and awful hot). If you happen to want your own car (your home-state license will see you through) and blanch at the long drive down from the States, the Cuba Mail Line is your solution. It will take you yourself to Veracruz for a minimum of $175, round trip, and your car for another $130, provided it doesn't weigh more than three thousand pounds; if it does, the cost is a little more. Cuba Mail boats leave New York every Wednesday and arrive at Veracruz the following Monday. After that, you go way up to Mexico City and down to Acapulco via Cuernavaca and Taxco.

One thing: If you're staying long enough to bring your car, it might be a sound idea to take on a Mexican chauffeur, even though you may keep him only long enough to get yourself in hand. If you don't bring your own car, you can rent one (with or without chauffeur) in Acapulco, or perhaps you'll think it wiser to arrange for one in Mexico City. Driving is still the only way to get to Acapulco, unless you go for the distinctly local plane service, which is alleged to leave Mexico City every morning at seven-thirty.

Folk who fly their own planes need a pilot's license (good for six months), which any Mexican consul will part with for all of eighty cents, and the charge for the temporary importation of the plane is about the same. Everybody needs a tourist card and can get it (small change again) from any travel agency, any Mexican consul, or at the border. The card is good for six months from the time you cross the border, and can be renewed for six months if you are seduced into staying that long. On your way in, you might register paraphernalia like furs, jewels, and cameras with the customs; it saves time and agony later when our government boys start looking over that well-known hundred dollars' worth you're allowed to bring back.

YOU'LL likely have a few specific questions before you go down. People to put them to are Wolf Schoenborn, Fraccionadora de Acapulco, Acapulco, Gro., and Mary Saint Albans, who is reached via Box 2042, Mexico, D.F. Or, if you want to work closer to home, there's the Mexican Government Railway System, 11 West 42nd Street; the Mexican Government Travel Bureau, 630 Fifth Avenue (50th); and Mexico Tours, 440 Park Avenue (56th).

P.S. Acapulco is one of the relatively few places in Mexico where ladies can stroll in slacks with never a leer from the natives. —K. C. B.

•

The electricity had been cut off why. The milk bill was $5.18, and long ago. A bill for $4.68 showed the gas bill was $2.06.—*The World-Telegram.*

It sounds like our life.

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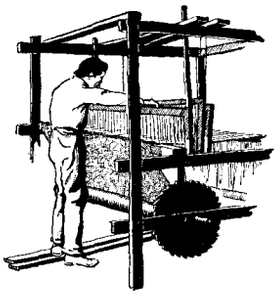

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Dress better at lower cost. Make Christmas money go farther. Get these unique* ties direct from weavers, only $1 each; 6 for $5; postpaid.

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d their skill have been handed down
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tists of them.

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mple them so that wrinkles won't come
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at I have found the greatest tie
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Make up your list now. Make your Christmas money go farther—and save yourself hours of worrying and shopping.

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If any tie I send you does not please you, for any reason whatsoever, return it within ten days for exchange, or get your money back without quibble. Could I say fairer than that?

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All ties are $1 each; 6 ties for $5; postpaid. (But because of rising wool costs these prices are not guaranteed after Jan. 1, 1942.)

For Special Air Mail Service on packages of ties ADD the following amounts for extra postage: 1 tie 12¢; 2 ties 24¢; 3 ties 30¢; 4 ties 36¢; 6 ties 48¢; and 6¢ more for each tie over 6. Shipment same day order received.

For each Gift Certificate ADD 10¢, if to go by regular mail; 15¢ if to go by air mail.

Make payment by personal check, postal or express money order, or bank draft. *No stamps, please.*

Order by numbers shown opposite each tie here. Give me one or two second choices if you can, in case I run out of some pattern you want.

I cannot fill orders for any foreign countries except Canada and Mexico—and, of course, U. S. Possessions and Territories.

Kindly *print* all names and addresses. I am not much of a handwriting expert.

I must tell the truth

I must tell you that these weavers, in true Spanish style, start celebrating *La Navidad* pretty early in the month. So please send your order quickly if you want to be sure of Christmas delivery on the patterns you select. I try to fill every order the day it is received, and usually do; but you know what a job the postal people have at this season. Every order on a MONEY BACK basis. Read my Unqualified Guarantee shown above.

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o says Bruce Berckmans, General Sales Manager of Piel Bros., Brooklyn, N. Y., and former official of e U. S. Department of Commerce, who writes me: "Your ties are absolutely unique—in beauty, in le, and in wearing quality. I have worn practically nothing else for two years, and don't see how you sell such ties at such a low price."

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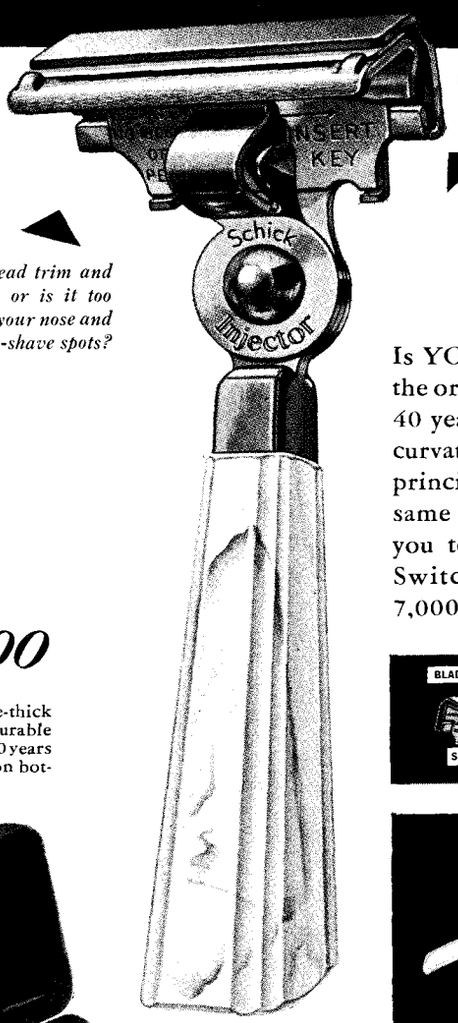
Is YOUR *razor constructed so that it is almost impossible to nick or scratch yourself? Can you shave against the grain, the second time over—in perfect comfort?*

Is the blade in YOUR *razor thick enough to shave iron whiskers without setting up a vibration—without getting the "shakes"?*

Does YOUR *razor change blades automatically—as quick as a wink? Does it have* ANY *of the other improvements in safety razor design described below?*

Is YOUR *razor head trim and compact like this, or is it too bulky to get under your nose and those other hard-to-shave spots?*



Is YOUR razor different, in any important way, from the original safety razors that came on the market about 40 years ago? Does it have the old familiar shape and curvature? Does it depend upon the same old shaving principle and a comb-tooth guard? Does it use "the same old blade"? . . . But, really there is no need for you to be still scraping 'em off like Grandpa did. Switch to the Schick Injector Razor. More than 7,000,000 men have turned to it. Read on. See why.

Only $1.00

Including 12 double-thick Schick Blades in durable pigskin-grain case. 20 years guarantee stamped on bottom of every box.

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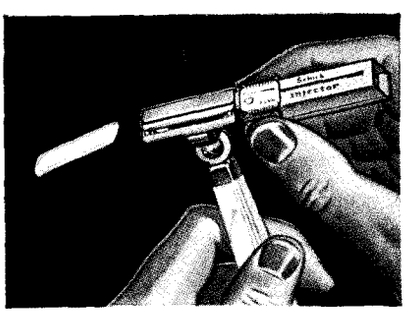
Solid Guide Bar. Has a roughened grip surface that stretches—flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Makes whiskers pop up in front of blade for closer and *more comfortable* shave. Blade corner guards serve to eliminate skin nicks.



Automatic Blade Change. The Schick Injector is the *only* razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly!* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.

Double-Thick Blades. Just as long, but twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times as thick as paper-thin ones! *Able* to take a really keen edge and to *hold* it. Packed in metal cartridge—their cutting edges are suspended in space.

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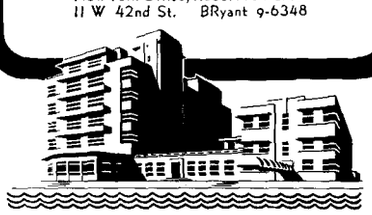

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hollywood vs. R.A.F.

AMBLING out of an evening, with the movies in mind but without having checked any particular program or without any particular picture as a goal, you are very likely to find yourself at "International Squadron," or if it is not "International Squadron," at something so like it that the distinguishing features are unimportant. We are sure to have many films of just this sort, and, indeed, have already had an abundance, with Cagney, Fred MacMurray, or, perhaps, just nobody special. If the attempts at humor or romance are not allowed too free a scope, any of these pictures may do well enough for your needs. There are certain to be good flying scenes; here the movies can hardly fail. And since it takes little now to stir hearts and nerves with scenes of the war, since almost any "Wookey" business must succeed, the Industry can follow a simple formula and turn out a hit. I don't know if this "International Squadron" is fated to any great career. No "names" illuminate its cast. As things go, it is not a showy or, probably, an expensive film. It is, altogether, a very average production, cut to measure, with a few manifest weaknesses and with one or two especially good points. As a type, it may be worth a word or two.

I thought at first, as its story began to take shape, that it might be bogged down by its brash comedy. The young man of the sketch, a barnstorming flier with a circus background, a way with the women, and a distaste for discipline, has a gift of gab that is a simple pain in the neck. Those studio experts in light dialogue (or in wisecracks, as such dialogue is more specifically described on the Coast) have worried their noddles to turn out some bright remarks for the boy, and in any crisis he is prepared to be smarty in a big, noisy way. This tires one in about two minutes, and some of the early scenes of fast, high, and daring flying are made into a backdrop for very bad jokes. The tendency never lapses entirely, but eventually there are such very good scenes—an air raid on London, some fighting scenes over Germany —that even wisecracks can't quite set the dominant pace.

We are very carefully, I noted, not let near a bomber, the bomber the hero flies across the Atlantic. Except for one

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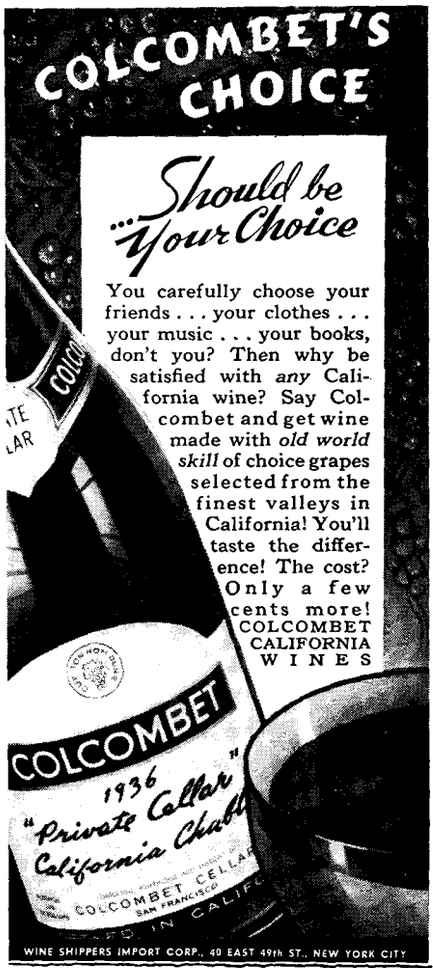

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*STANLEY WALKER, *New York Herald Tribune 'Books'*

ALFRED • A • KNOPF

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Geo. W. Seaton's incomparable new guide to the South's scenic high-spots, eating and lodging places. Tips on clothes, luggage, shopping, sightseeing, prices. Many photographs. $3

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film, in which, as you remember, a Miss Veronica Lake was hidden in the bomb racks, the interior of a bomber is still forbidden territory to the cameramen. Miss Lake, I suppose, upset the vigilance of the censors. In this case, though, the bomber trip is a mere incident, and it is in later episodes that we find far greater and actually quite real excitement. In fact, some of the air fights surprised me by their authenticity and even suggested to me once or twice that something rather tricky was being managed in this modest film. Two or three times I felt sure I was looking upon foreign newsreel clips—inserts from some camera account of some actual battle, not the routine shots we usually see in the theatre but something far more immediate and far more vivid.

THE Office for Coördination of Commercial and Cultural Relations Between the American Republics ought to be madly in love with Alice Faye and planning all kinds of medals for her. It seems to me that about every other month she is just back from some South American good-will tour, or anyhow from some island of the Caribbean. This time we have a report on a "Week-End in Havana," in Technicolor. All is well and cheerful in Havana. Carmen Miranda comes much to the front and keeps a tight grip on the situation. This season, Carmen wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum, yet the markets show no drain.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

SIGNALS OVER

Among the most boring moments suffered by the average human being are those that occur between the time he gives an order in a restaurant and the order is placed before him.

The Detroit Brewing Company, quite conscious of this fact, has introduced a little folder for restaurant distribution which is exceedingly popular.

On the cover are six signal flags, with the words, "What do these Signal Flags Spell? See Code Inside."

On the inside spread are illustrated in color the International Code Flags for each letter of the alphabet. The restaurant patron, no longer bored, finds that the six flags on the cover spell out the word "Flavor."

Seven flags on the back spell the word "Quality." By this time the customer begins to see the point; that Detroit Premium Pale and Oldbru Lager stand for flavor and quality.—*Printers Ink Weekly.*

And to his hunger is added a dull, throbbing pain.

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BOOKS

Fitzgerald, McFee, and Others

F. Scott Fitzgerald died of a heart attack on December 21, 1940, leaving "The Last Tycoon" unfinished. Seventy thousand words (not a final draft) are available, together with many pages of the author's notes, "The Great Gatsby," and five of his best short stories, all collected in a sort of memorial volume edited by Edmund Wilson. Wilson's foreword is brief and unsatisfactory. One hopes he will sometime do a monograph on this man who hardly deserves to be ticketed as the laureate of the Jazz Age and then forgotten.

Fitzgerald was, to my mind, a more interesting, because he was a more complex, artist than Thomas Wolfe, though he did not realize his own talents with anything like the completeness with which Wolfe realized his. I cannot agree with those who think that Wolfe's tragic death cut him down just as he was about to add a new dimension to his art, whereas a careful reading of even this truncated section of "The Last Tycoon" persuades me that Fitzgerald was on the point of becoming a major American novelist.

Certainly, "The Last Tycoon," even as it stands, is the only grownup novel about Hollywood that I have knowledge of. Its hero, the genius producer Monroe Stahr, is real. He is real as a genius and real as a producer. Fitzgerald had seemingly studied Hollywood seriously and without malice. He was not bedazzled by it, or angered by it, or interested in "showing it up." His story therefore has a solidity and depth lacking in such merely readable narratives as "What Makes Sammy Run?" It might have turned out to be his masterpiece, and even in its present state it is an advance over "The Great Gatsby," which, by the way, is unexpectedly rereadable.

It's hard, from Fitzgerald's scattered notes and outlines, to figure out exactly what he meant to demonstrate in "The Last Tycoon." Apparently, Stahr, though he was to fail in the end (Fitzgerald was always obsessed, like Robert Browning, by dazzling failures), was intended to symbolize the philosophy that Hollywood, toward the middle thirties, was beginning to forsake —the philosophy of original individual enterprise, basically commercial but leavened by a deep interest in the artistic possibilities of motion pictures. Legal finagling—the increasing domination of Hollywood by devious lawyers and financial tricksters rather than by creative brains—and labor racketeering were to do Stahr in, and Fitzgerald evidently believed that they would do Hollywood in, too, if it didn't watch its step. Which would appear to make sense.

IF you don't know William McFee's Spenlove, you have missed one of the most completely realized characters in modern fiction. This middle-aged ship's engineer has been the heart pumping the lifeblood through Mr. McFee's novels for many years. He is the perfect observer of life, a man whose whole character consists in his talent for meditation.

It must have required great courage for Mr. McFee to take Spenlove away from the sea, set him down as a retired philosopher near the Connecticut shore, and then plunge him into a series of events that at once changes his rôle from that of reflective bystander to that of romantic hero. I'm not so sure I like the new Spenlove of "Spenlove in Arcady" as well as I do the old, but Mr. McFee, I should guess, likes him better. My real trouble, though, is the heroine, Perdita Ducroy, for whom the ordinarily skeptical Spenlove falls with the precipitancy of Romeo. This Perdita seems to me a synthetic character on whom both Spenlove and McFee waste a good deal of unnecessary emotion.

If you subtract the love affair (which is a chore, because it gets in the way on almost every page), you have, as is always the case with Mr. McFee, plenty of adult and often brilliant writing. The satire on Hollywood, successful smooth-paper hacks, and other speciousnesses of the literary scene is excoriating. Moreover, Spenlove, when he's just watching things, commenting on America's new rich and old rich, reflecting on the odd way in which our society is stratified, is as precious as ever and a little mellower than before.

MOST literary prize contests are meaningless, being merely an oblique expression of the publishers' hunger for exploitable manuscripts. Generally, they are part of the history of commercial book publishing, not of the history of culture. The Latin American Prize Novel Contest is an exception. It was held in all the Latin American countries, with the assistance of the Division of Intellectual Coöperation of the Pan American Union. Its object, clearly non-commercial, was to foster a sense of cultural solidarity among the Latin American republics and to help us North Americans better to understand our neighbors to the south. This is a truly worthy and civilized aim, whose virtue is not in the least impaired by the circumstance that the winning

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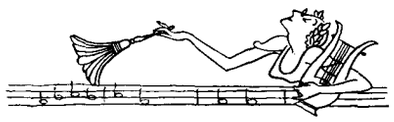

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novel does not happen to be overwhelmingly good and may not prove widely popular above the Rio Grande.

The novel, Ciro Alegría's "Broad and Alien Is the World," smoothly translated by Harriet de Onís, might have been called, by paraphrasing Elliot Paul's title for a book of his own, "Life and Death of a Peruvian Town." It tells the tale of Rumi, a mountain village, of its simple Indian tillers of the soil, of their communal landholdings, and of the successful attempt by a merciless ranch owner and the government that backs him to destroy the economic basis and the spiritual meaning of the natives' lives. I suppose it's a class-warfare novel, but it is very different from the mechanical mintings of our own early nineteen-thirties. There is more poetry than dogma in it, a poetry rather akin to that of "Growth of the Soil."

Señor Alegría knows everything there is to know about the life of his Indian farmers, but he does not yet know how to fashion and carve this life into a clear narrative. His digressions, bypaths, and anecdotes clutter up things grievously, and the stream of the author's emotion is never clear, making the book rather hard reading for even the best-intentioned *Norteamericano*.

THE bibliography of the scientific publications of Dr. Robert Williams Wood, outstanding American experimental physicist, runs to two hundred and sixty-three items, beginning with an account of an experience with hashish (1889), ending with "Animated Crystals of Proto-catechuic Acid" (1941), and including his standard textbook on physical optics. Dr. Wood is one of the great manipulators of materials, an astoundingly fertile inventor. He is of the Edison rather than the Einstein tribe, a great and daring discoverer of new methods rather than of new principles.

Just how important his work may be is somewhat difficult to tell from William Seabrook's biography, "Doctor Wood." Mr. Seabrook is delighted with the fact that Dr. Wood is a prankish fellow who likes to put on circusy exhibitions in the classroom, is continually shocking his colleagues by his unconventional behavior, and will greet you by handing you a fistful of flame. (It's heatless, see, but it's hard to be sure in advance.) This Peck's Bad Boy aspect of Dr. Wood is emphasized so enthusiastically by the ebullient Seabrook that the lay reader who would really like to understand just how (to quote the blurb) "Dr. Wood's experiments in the

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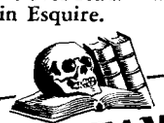

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RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERIES

physics of light form the proof of modern theories of the basic structure of matter" is apt to be bewildered. Much of the scientific exposition is direct quotation from Dr. Wood, which makes for a patchwork effect.

It is entertaining to learn that Dr. Wood has written Jules Verne romances. It is amusing to recall that he's the author of "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers" (which, if you know its humorous drawings, you might call a classic of pictorial punning). Also, one is happy to note, he once persuaded the British Admiralty to train seals to chase and destroy submarines. But a biography of an important scientist, no matter how eccentric he may be, should be more than a frolic. I don't suppose there is any harm in plaintively begging for rather more information about Dr. Wood as physicist and rather less about Dr. Wood as the Wizard of Oz.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

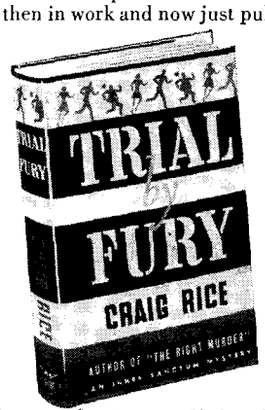
MR. BUNTING IN PEACE AND WAR, by Robert Greenwood. An excellent novel about London's Little Man in the years that led up to the war and the bombings of last winter. Mr. Bunting has worked up, after fifty years, to being manager of the ironmongery department in a big store, he is a respectable paterfamilias, conservative, and much thriftier than his children would like him to be, and the first thing he does when he gets home at night is to take off his stiff collar. He is, in short, blood brother, on a higher social level, to the current Mr. Wookey.

WINDSWEPT, by Mary Ellen Chase. The story of a house in Maine on a hill overlooking the sea. Built in the early eighteen-eighties, it is inherited by a fourteen-year-old boy and comes to mean stability and solace to him and later to his children and grandchildren, through the early years of this century, the war of 1914-18, and the times that follow. A readable family chronicle, decorated with some first-class Maine weather.

THE DUST WHICH IS GOD, by William Rose Benét. A more or less autobiographical novel in verse. Begins around 1900 and goes on to the present. Some actual persons, including Elinor Wylie, Sinclair Lewis, and Christopher Morley, appear in it under other names. Its importance, however, lies in Mr. Benét's sincerity, in the fact that he—or his hero—is a

Murder being our business, we frequently startle people with our more placid discussions. About six months ago we had a spot of trouble with a visitor who overheard a spirited argument about the comparative virtues of throat-slitting and wrist-slicing. This hysterical eavesdropper was later competently dealt with by physicians and psychiatrists (or incompetently—that detail escapes us at the moment).

The point is that it was a distracting interruption to the very serious business on hand—the manuscript of CRAIG RICE's *Trial by Fury,* then in work and now just published.



Fortunately, it was all for the best. The incident convinced CRAIG RICE that all methods have their uses (even death by shock was briefly considered). As a result, there is a happy impartiality about the *modus operandi* of *Trial by Fury* that should please the most case-hardened reader. Shooting, arson, drowning, throat-slitting all have their part, to say nothing of the proverbial blunt instrument for the diehards.

Naturally, CRAIG RICE's famous trio—JAKE JUSTUS, his bride HELENE, and criminal lawyer JOHN J. MALONE—are the center of this homicidal cyclone. Operating for the first time outside their native Chicago, they are vacationing in a small town notable for its excellent fishing, nasty sheriff, and family skeletons. Translated into the CRAIG RICE vernacular, these elements add up to an expert blend of homicide and hilarity in *Trial by Fury.*

Those who've read CRAIG RICE's earlier books—*8 Faces at 3, The Corpse Steps Out, The Wrong Murder, The Right Murder*—don't need any needling from us. For the others, we'll let CRAIG RICE speak for herself, at your nearest book store, in

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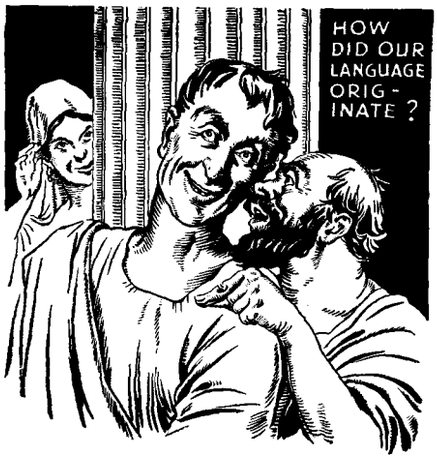

Anecdote

an unpublished tale

EVEN among the ancient Greeks there were two kinds of stories—those given out publicly and those known only privately. The latter kind was called *anekdotos,* literally meaning "not published." The word was formed by combining *a, an,* "not," and *ekdotos,* "given out." From this source comes our English *anecdote* which originally retained the Greek meaning "unpublished narrative." But tales of interesting things or people are so much sought after that now they are frequently given out for publication and the word *anecdote* has lost its original meaning.

This is but one of the thousands of interesting word origins given in "the Supreme Authority"—

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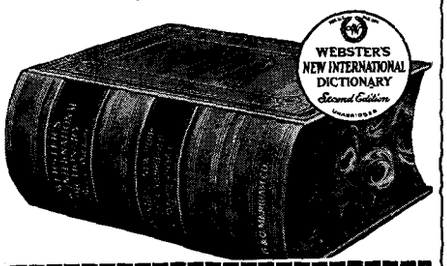

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very likable fellow, human, intelligent, and prone to err; and in the verse itself, sometimes very fine indeed.

A CURTAIN OF GREEN, by Eudora Welty, with an introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Miss Welty's short stories are deceptively simple. They are concerned with ordinary people, but what happens to them and the manner of the telling are far from ordinary. Miss Welty builds up to her climax with force and economy, using no unnecessary words and making no false starts. A fine writer and a distinguished book.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1941, edited by Herschel Brickell. The familiar annual collection, with a new editor, who writes the introduction. A much-better-than-average lot, beginning with Kay Boyle's "Defeat," published in this magazine and winner of the first prize. Among the other authors are Eudora Welty, Hallie Southgate Abbett, David Cornel de Jong, Sally Benson, Vincent Sheean, Nancy Hale, James Still, and Albert Maltz. Statistical note: From 1937 through 1940, all the prize-winners were men; this time all three are women.

MRS. APPLEYARD'S YEAR, by Louise Andrews Kent. Mrs. Miniverian sketches of a pleasant Boston-and-Vermont family of gentlefolk, sometimes witty, sometimes overcute, always domestic. Lavender and old lace, with a touch of salt, and rather agreeable.

GENERAL

12 MILLION BLACK VOICES, by Richard Wright and Edwin Rosskam. Short text-and-picture folk history of the American Negro, in which the author of "Native Son" writes a burning commentary on three centuries of slavery, persecution, and want. Somewhat oversimplified, perhaps, but a moving and powerful work. Edwin Rosskam, the photographic editor, reinforces the text with 87 superb photographs, some his own, some provided by the Farm Security Administration.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET, by W. L. White. An American correspondent goes to England aboard one of the transferred destroyers, covers the incendiary bombings of London, and adopts a small English girl, whom he takes back to the United States. Well-written though familiar material. The portrait of the child is very nearly as touching as the one in

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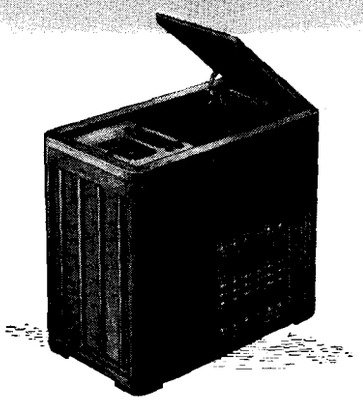

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WASHINGTON DATELINE, by Delbert Clark. Not just another assortment of Washington anecdotage but a sound, intelligent account of how the Capital's newsmen do their job, by the New York *Times*' Washington bureau manager. Includes much salutary criticism of the methods of reporters, columnists, government press agents, officials, and so on, plus a reasonable view of what censorship requirements should be in the event of war. Tart and informative.

UNDER THE SEA-WIND, by Rachel L. Carson. Fascinating tales of the creatures that live in or about the sea—snow geese, angler fish, ghost crabs, conger eels, and whatnot—recounted simply and poetically by a United States Bureau of Fisheries biologist. Illustrated glossary. Drawings by Howard French.

GREAT SOLDIERS OF THE TWO WORLD WARS, by H. A. De Weerd. Twelve sharp, knowledgeable portraits of Schlieffen, Lawrence, Pershing, Pétain, Churchill, Hitler, and others, in which the editor of *Military Affairs* traces strategical developments since 1914. A valuable job, well done and only mildly technical. Photographs and maps.

THE LAST BEST HOPE OF EARTH, by Harry Scherman. A tiny book—only 5,000 words—that might well be sent around this Christmas instead of the usual greeting card. Mr. Scherman believes that the world is already a potential economic unity. The question is simply whether that unity is to be a slave-and-master union under Hitler or a free one of all peoples. Clearly, seriously argued.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS, with an introduction by Carl Van Doren. A remarkable compilation by a few members of the staff of the Oxford University Press. It will not necessarily supersede Bartlett but is certainly as valuable. Familiarity rather than merit has been the test of inclusion.

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

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DEAD MAN'S GIFT, by Zelda Popkin. Veronica Carmichael, a New York department-store salesgirl, finds that she is one of the heirs of Michael Carmichael, wealthy Pennsylvania mine owner. As Michael Carmichael is not related to Veronica, Mary Carmer, the store detective, is suspicious and accompanies Veronica to Pennsylvania, where they are marooned with the other heirs by a flood. Pleasantly spooky, what with Death stalking all over the place.

EXIT A STAR, by Kathleen Moore Knight. Socially prominent Susan Holland, who wants to be an actress, and her family find themselves involved in two blackmail schemes and three murders. Professional and personal jealousy are important in this story with a New York background. Very fine reading, with suspense running rampant right up to the rather astounding climax.

WITH THIS RING, by Mignon G. Eberhart. Fine, stylish tale of the troubles Rony Brace runs into after her marriage to Eric Chatonier, invalid and wealthy Southern gentleman, when Judge Yarrow, the fellow who has made the Southern gentleman's will, is bumped off on a modest yacht. The New Orleans bayou country makes a sinister background for this frightening, skillfully written mystery novel.

•

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